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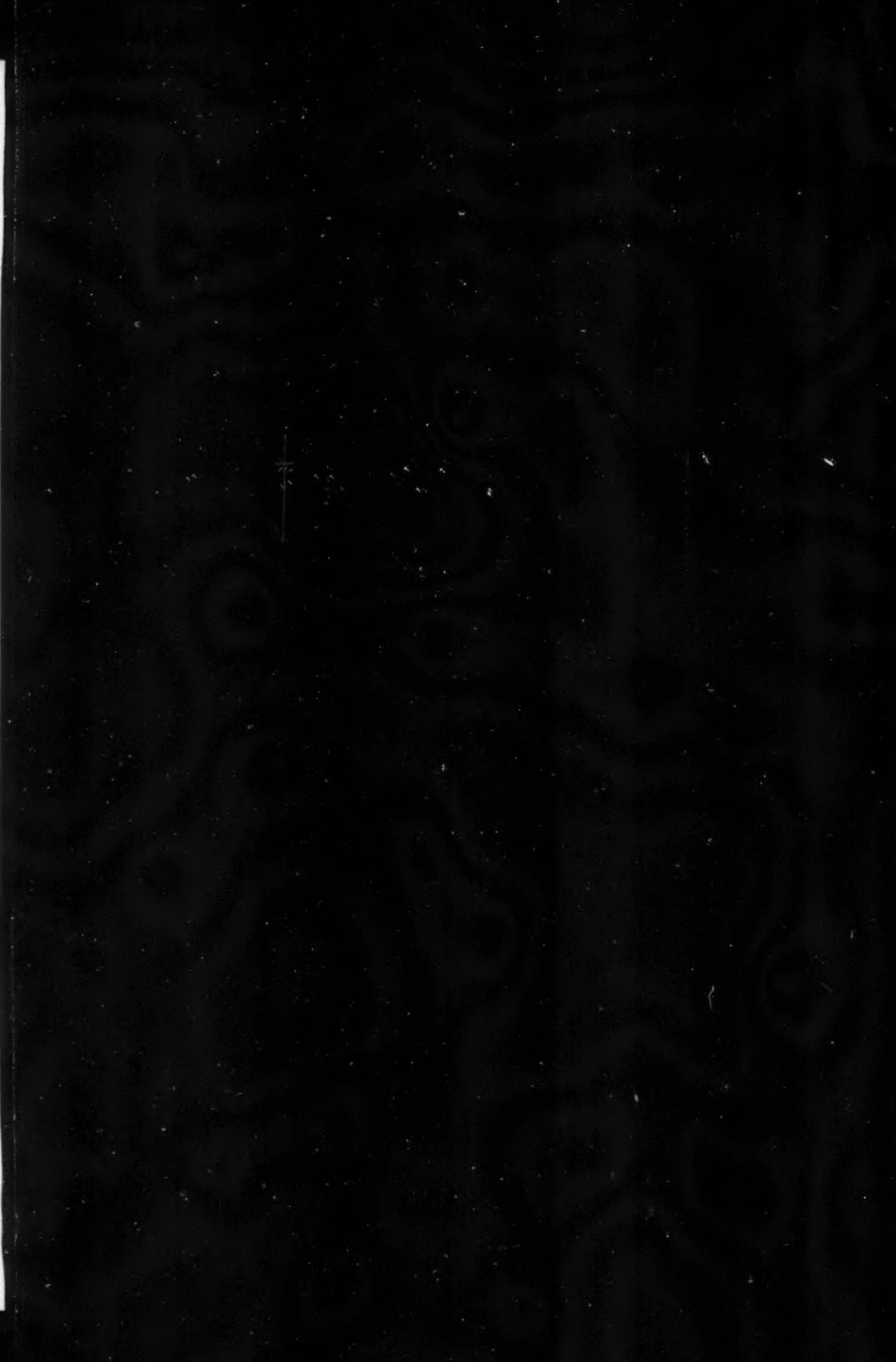
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXIII. }

No. 2300.—July 28, 1888.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 13 cents.

ONE DAY.

LIKE some old friend from far who visits us
 Still garrulous
 Of long forgotten ways and things of yore
 We knew before,
 Some babbler of old times, old jests, and song,
 Dazed 'mid a throng
 Of younger careless strangers who disdain
 His boyhood's reign,
 So from the shadows of the bygone years
 It reappears,
 From an unsealed corner of the brain
 It starts again—
 The memory of a day as clear and gay
 As yesterday.
 And at its bidding adumbrations rise,
 To dreamy eyes,
 Dim splendors of a wide untraversed world
 Once more unfurled,
 Thin, far-off mirth, vague sorrow, vanished
 sights,
 Long-dead delights,
 Wonder and hope and joy, the exultant thrill
 Ineffable;
 The fainting echo and the afterglow
 Of long ago.
 Then as a lonely outcast who hath come
 To find his home
 Changed with changed fortunes, chambers
 sacred still
 That others fill,
 Whose wild white face to panes uncurtained
 pressed
 A space might rest
 Upon a fireside group, all warmth and glee,
 Rest—and then flee!
 So swift it came and then as swiftly went,
 Its brief life spent,
 Into the dense oblivion of the night
 It took its flight;
 Fled the pale ghost into the wilderness
 Companionless;
 Fell the frail bridge the yawning gulfs that
 spanned
 At touch of hand!

Cornhill Magazine.

SONNETS IN MY LIBRARY.

GIBBON'S "MEMOIRS."

I.

HE lived to learn; to watch his knowledge
 grow;
 Nightly to question what advance precise
 Twelve hours had given to that tide of ice.
 If passionate, passionate only to lay low
 Soul-highness, polishing his word-gems slow
 As tides work pebbles smooth, until his nice
 Sarcastic taste could say,—“Let this suf-
 fice!”
 Marvel not then that to love's creed his *no*
 He hiss'd, and in the volume of his book
 Suspected every lily for its whiteness,
 All large heart-poetry for lack of prose.
 The Alpine majesty, the ample rose,

The novelties of God he could not brook,—
 The love that is of love the essential bright-
 ness.

II.

Wherefore his picture evermore was hued
 Over with colors, peradventure fine,
 But mix'd not for a Heav'n-conceived de-
 sign.
 A creed that like the sacred mountain stood
 Sunlighted depth or moonlit amplitude,
 Majestic, measureless, with trim tape-line
 Did he attempt, and scorn'd, being undi-
 vine,
 The excess divine, the tropic rain of God.
 Faith's flowers must die where heart-air is so
 chilly;
 Fair must seem false when love's so little
 kind,
 Denying love when love is nobly new.
 The virgin's fingers fold a tarnish'd lily
 For those who scorn virginity. The blind
 Are proof against sweet proof that Heav'n
 is blue.

III.

Yet with what art, thro' what enormous space,
 With what innumerable threads how deftly
 plann'd,
 Silvery separate in the subtle hand,
 He winds the stories to their central place!
 Nothing so false as may such art disgrace;
 But colors here deliberately wann'd,
 There as of fabled sunsets fading grand
 Upon grey gods of high pathetic face.
 Faint thro' the laurel groves of Antioch
 The last hymn dies, and the earth's large
 regret
 Divinely wails thro' many a dusk-gold
 lawn.
 Then a stern symbol rises from the rock,
 The cross of Roman Syria grimly set
 Leafless, dim-lit in leaden-colored dawn.
 WILLIAM DERRY AND RAPHOE.
 Spectator.

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud,
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MARY SOMERVILLE.

EXACTLY a hundred years ago, and at a period of England's history which it would seem was rife with the production of women destined to fame, there raced about the stormy sands of what was then a small and isolated seaport on the Firth of Forth, a wild little creature of eight years old, who knew nothing of school-rooms and school-hours, who could only just read, "with a strong Scotch accent," but who could not write at all, yet whose name was to become in due season a household word to the farthest ends of the earth, where the learned assemble and science is esteemed.

Mary Somerville, to whom in 1870 astronomers from north, south, east, and west came to pay court, and moot abstruse and mysterious propositions, in 1780 was an insignificant babe, of such slight social importance that, until ten years subsequently, it was not thought worth while either to send her to be taught at school or to provide her with a teacher at home; and she who is now — or at any rate was for many years, if fashions have somewhat changed of late — the idol or torment of youth, as the case might be, was herself only accorded a desultory and spasmodic education, beginning with a twelvemonth's stay at a boarding-school between the ages of ten and eleven, where all that was expected of her was, that she should learn to "write a good hand, and be able to keep accounts."

Even that modest ambition was disappointed for the nonce.

We must, however, cast an eye over the home and early surroundings of the little untutored maid, in order to comprehend how such a thing could be.

Scotland's parochial schools have long been her national glory and pride; and a good, plain, solid, and trustworthy work-a-day education is to be had by the poorest and humblest who covets it, — more, it was to be had in days when ignorance prevailed elsewhere. When even the middle class, or at all events the lower-middle class in England was altogether illiterate, and was for the most part stupidly content to remain so, the Scottish

laborer and the farmhouse drudge on the farthest corner of the moor, would have scorned not to "know their books."

It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that the daughter of a distinguished naval officer — afterwards an admiral, and knighted — and of a lady well-born and related by blood to families not only respectable but noble, should have been neglected in a matter so important. But Captain Fairfax was poor, and his wife easy-going — *voilà tout*.

No doubt they told each other that it would never do for a child of theirs to be trotting backwards and forwards to the "schule" in company with all the little barefooted lads and lassies of the countryside, and that Mary could not possibly be allowed to demean herself by sitting shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand, with the shock-headed crew clustered together on the time-worn bench; whilst, that put aside, what remained? A governess at home was out of the question.

Now, had good Mistress Fairfax been an energetic, intelligent parent, — had she been a Wesley's mother or a Jane Taylor's mother, for instance, — no difficulty need have been felt. We have a delightful picture of the little girl herself in after years, diligently instructing her own daughters for three hours regularly every morning — "even," says her biographer, "while busily engaged in writing for the press, carefully managing her house, and reading all the new books of the day." But Mary Somerville's mother was of another stuff than this.

The Bible, sermons, and the newspaper sufficed her; what did any one want with more?

Strange to say, Mary, for her part, would have been satisfied with even less. The sermons, at any rate, she could well have spared; and all that she wanted, and all that any little light-hearted lassie of her age would have wanted, was freedom to bound over the gorse and heather which covered the low hills surrounding her home, and leave to frolic away the happy hours among the sandy creeks and rocky headlands which edged the bonnie blue Firth below. Burntisland — pronounced Brunt Island — now a flourish-

ing and favorite watering-place, but a hundred years ago a quaintly remote and inaccessible fishing-town of no particular repute, lies opposite Edinburgh, on the Fifeshire coast.

In former years the harbor on the western side bounded the town in that direction, while on the other it terminated in a plain of short grass, yclept the "Links," in request for the good old-fashioned game of golf, long popular in the north before it found its way to English hearts. On these Links, and on the hills around, the flora were particularly beautiful; and the little Mary, let loose to teach herself at Nature's feet, soon contrived to pick up the trivial names of the most she met, though not, it would appear, of any of the seaweeds and grasses amongst which she was wont to pry and peer, when wading in the pools which were left at low tide, just below her father's garden.

She did not know their names — ah, but she knew *themselves*! All she saw there was food for the mind of the lonely child, and every object was invested with its own charm. One streamlet in particular, which joined the ocean not far from this haunt, must have been a witching spot; for in addition to every ordinary attraction, its little bed was, she tells us, thickly covered with the fresh-water mussel, often known to contain pearls of considerable value. Here was indeed a quest worth pursuing. Pearls? And pearls of value? What follows is curious, as shadowing forth the humane and tender-hearted Mary Somerville of after years — the little girl could not bring herself to break open the shells in which the coveted treasures might be found, "for fear of killing the creatures."

(*N.B.* — Possibly Mr. Darwin might have sympathized with this consideration for a mussel; but we doubt whether any one else will.)

A different sort of prey was one day found at the mouth of the same stream in the shape of a young whale, or grampus, stranded in the shallow water. Captain Fairfax, who was fishing for red trout in the stream, immediately dropped his rod, ran back to the town, got boats, captured the whale, and landed it in the harbor,

where little Mary, all aflame with excitement and exultation, presently followed with the rest of the crowd, to feast their eyes upon the *muckle fish*. The good folks of Burntisland believed in "muckle fish" of all sorts; and why not? or "What for no'?" as they would themselves have said. Did not their own fathers and brothers and husbands and sons bring home the tales that thrilled and delighted their simple bosoms? One, in particular, records Mrs. Somerville, in her musings over this period of childhood, — one terrific creature, of dimensions so enormous that seamen had been known to land and prepare to dwell upon its ample surface, mistaking it for an island of the ocean, was the especial favorite of the fishermen *raconteurs*. Almost every one who has sailed to the northern seas was at length bound to have seen a "kraken," and the numbers that had landed upon its broad back grew in proportion. It had a glorious reign, and at length gave place to the sea-serpent. Again the sea-serpent must in turn yield to newer heroes; and so on. Little Mary drank it all in; spent hours among the wet and shining sands, with the wind blowing her hair into her eyes, and the shingle clinging to her fingers and toes, while she added daily to her store of shells, — "some so small that they appeared like white specks in patches of black sand," — and watched from afar — for she might not join them — the village bairnies digging for sand-eels, cockles, and the spouting razor-fish.

Has the reader ever tried the latter amusement? This is the way to pursue it. The razor-fish, or spout-fish, as it is commonly called, lies hidden beneath the smooth sand, at peace with himself and all the world. In a sudden he hears — or feels — a footfall overhead. Instinct bids him flee; but before fleeing, he ejects — goodness knows why! — a jet of salt water, sometimes a couple of feet high, into the air. The next instant he dives with great velocity, his sharp, razor-like shell cleaving the sand for his descent, and would almost immediately be out of reach, safe in the depths below. But that one moment of delay, that meaningless, foolish ebullition, has undone him. The pursuer

has seen the "spout," and ere it has fallen to the ground again, his knife or other implement has been thrust into the spot — alack, poor fish! — the sand upturned, and the extreme end of the shell exposed to view. The rest is easy; the knife has merely to press this shell hard on one side, while the sand is being shovelled out by the keen fingers ready to grip hold the moment there is enough shell to take hold of, and that accomplished, all is over for the razor-fish. He can be drawn out without his making the slightest further resistance. The whole depends upon alacrity in the first instance.

Mary Fairfax, running wild about the gorsy Links and teeming shore, was at any rate laying in a store of health and strength, and fine joyous animal spirits, which was to do her good service to the end of her long life. Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, and other distinguished women have attained to a great age, but have "shuffled off this mortal coil" with feebleness and weariness, though under ninety years old; Mary Somerville at ninety-one was brimming over with vivacity and vigor; had none of the infirmities of age excepting a slight difficulty in hearing, which scarcely amounted to deafness; could read small print with ease and without glasses; and "her occupations were continued," says her biographer, "up to the actual day of her death." Bravo, Scotland, and the roaring surges of the Firth of Forth!

Mary's father was, however, subject to occasional shocks upon the subject. He was absent from home, pursuing his profession during the greater part of his daughter's youth, but would from time to time return for a brief period, and it was on the occasion of one of these visits that it would appear to have struck him all of a sudden that she was "growing up a perfect little savage;" whereupon the worthy gentleman, seeking to mend matters, hit upon an idea which, for originality and humor, may rival any of Sir Roger de Coverley's. "He made me," says poor Mary dolefully, "read a paper of 'The Spectator' aloud every morning after breakfast." A paper of "The Spectator" every morning! A faultlessly elegant, hope-

lessly dull, interminably long "Spectator" article, hammered out and spelt through by an unwilling and indignant child! It must indeed have been an ordeal for hearer as well as reader. We can almost hear the little rueful voice, and see the little rueful face, as one blue eye despairingly searches down the page, while the other is cast sideways towards where the gleaming waves toss below, as the inflowing tide bears in its freight of shells and seaweeds, her own treasures of the deep. No wonder that never from that time thenceforth did Mary Somerville open the book.

Perhaps even the gallant captain himself felt his brilliant inspiration to be hardly as successful as it should have been, for it was again owing to him that at ten years old the youthful ignoramus was at last accorded some sort of real instruction. "This will never do," quoth Fairfax stoutly, one day, — Mary had perhaps been restless and unmanageable, as idlers of all ages are apt to be on occasion. "It will never do," said the father, putting down his foot a second time; and he carried out idea No. 2.

This was to send the child to a boarding-school; and accordingly, for twelve months — only for twelve months, however — the wild little sea-mew was caught and caged by a certain Miss Primrose, at Musselburgh (a small town not far from Edinburgh), who was doubtless much at a loss what to make of her, and as unfortunate in the pupil as the pupil was in the mistress. "She had," records Mrs. Somerville, "an habitual frown which even the elder girls dreaded." Then there must have been set rules and set hours, and restrictions and prohibitions, bitter to the palate of the freedom-loving Fifeshire lassie. By nature timid and shy of strangers, an almost inevitable consequence of the life she led at home, she had now another agony to undergo; she had to find herself all at once stranded among a set of talkative, self-assured young ladies, equal to anything, and to be put down by nobody (except Miss Primrose), all older than herself, and with impertinent questions and unsparing comments, "swarming around her like a hive of bees."

Girls can be very cruel—more cruel than boys, we almost think; and in each of the sharp demands as to “Whether my father had a title?” “If we kept a carriage?” and “What was the name of our estate?” there was covert torture for the sensitive breast. It must have been borne with infinite sweetness, however, for presently the very tormentors themselves would seem to have been disarmed and shamed, and some, says she, “themselves bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears.” One of the customs of Miss Primrose’s school, as illustrating the ideas of the period, may here be noted:—

A few days after my arrival [records Mary, in her “Recollections”], although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front; while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk of my stays. In this constrained state, I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons.

Horrible! And yet—does this in any way account for the straight backs of our grandmothers? There is too much stooping and poring during lesson-times, and too much lolling and lounging out of them nowadays, we are willing to admit; but surely the desired end might, in the case of the luckless Mary Fairfax and her companions, have been achieved by scouring hill and dale in joyous games, by sports and skippings and swingings, in which all little girls take pure delight, rather than by steel busks and rapping shoulder-blades!

They did have some games, however, poor little souls; and it is amusingly characteristic of the ancient feeling north of the Border that, when engaged in a favorite one yclept “Scotch and English,” in which each side was represented making raids upon the other, the smaller girls were always compelled to be the English, “for the bigger ones thought it too degrading.” At Miss Primrose’s, Mary Fairfax learned the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar; but her chief lesson, she herself informs us, was to get by heart a page of Johnson’s dictionary. (Almost worse than “The Spectator” this!)

Beneath it all no trace of genius yet, only an inexpressible wretchedness and yearning for home, which doubtless finding its echo in the heart of the kindly, easy mother, Mary was recalled at the year’s end; and so little had she profited,

that it was not in human nature to refrain from casting a stone at one who, when money was scarce, had cost so much to so little purpose. Truth to tell, there was good cause for any amount of chagrin. A lady in the neighborhood having written to little Miss Fairfax to inquire how her mother was after an illness, Mary, albeit fresh from her boarding school, could neither compose an answer nor yet spell the words; moreover, she adds, her *half-text* writing was as bad as it could possibly have been. The kind intervention of a lady friend who happened to be staying in the house adjusted the matter, however, and it might have blown over and been forgotten, had not the unlucky puss straightway got herself into a fresh scrape. Having written to her brother, then in Edinburgh, with a request that he would execute for her a trifling commission, she informed him that she had enclosed in the envelope a bank-note, and unfortunately the word ran thus, “bank-knot”! It was on the discovery of this latest literary effort that indignant Mrs. Fairfax, roused for once, cried out that all she had required of the boarding-school was that Mary should have learned from it to write decently and keep accounts.

But Mary was back to her free life again—back to her sands and her sea-birds, her rocks, her flowers, her own unfettered thoughts and untortured muscles. How she must have danced and pranced about, snapped her fingers at Miss Primrose, and told the tale of her own tears! Only when the stormy winter nights and rainy days set in, does a faint gleam of ennui begin to show itself, and a dim longing for something better struggle to the surface. She betakes herself to the small household store of books, and lights—lucky sprite!—upon a Shakespeare. Thenceforth it is devoured at every spare moment, in season and out of season, till at length Aunt Janet, a grim old maid, thinks it high time to put in her oar. We can see it all: the tightly drawn lips of the spinster; the unconsciousness of the all-absorbed delinquent; the gradual swelling and gathering of the storm, and at length the outburst: “I’m amazed you let Mary waste her time like that. She never *sews* [sews] more than if she were a man!”

Who could be impervious to a taunt so cutting? Mary is instantly doomed to another educational spurt, and on this occasion it proves more happy in its results. She is merely sent to the village school to learn plain needle-work, and becomes

an exquisite needle-woman for all life, from this episode. How long it took to make her one she never could remember; but records with justifiable pride, that a lady having sent to the school some very fine linen to be made into shirts, her shirt, made entirely by herself, was so well worked that she was promptly removed from the class, and given the household linen to take in charge at home. Of this the family, as is usual in Scotland, had a large stock. They grew their own flax, and the maids spun it — so that doubtless there was both pleasure and pride in the duty; but still, Mary “thought it hard that women should have been given a desire for knowledge, if it were wrong to acquire it.”

The desire had come at last, and had come purely of its own accord. Privately she now began to study, but the knowledge that she was doing so must have leaked out somehow, — or perhaps Aunt Janet may have betaken herself elsewhere, so that the youthful student needed not to have feared further ratings, — at all events, the village dominie was put under requisition to come and assist. This pedagogue — Reed by name — must have been a man of nearly as vast erudition as the renowned Sampson himself, for he not only taught the fisher-lads Latin, but also the science of navigation — the latter being possibly of more practical value to them than the former, in the seafaring lives they were called upon to lead. During the long winter evenings, then, behold Miss Mary Fairfax hard at work under the auspices of this worthy tutor, doubtless “smuggled up” in his Sunday suit, and armed with all the airs of learning for the occasion; and picture the luxury of the two with a real, actual pair of globes between them, from which it must have given the one as much pleasure to teach as it would the other to learn. With the aid of the globe celestial, Mary tells us, she now began at once to study the stars from the window of a small attic which looked to the north; and, enthusiastic over her new pursuit, she would probably relate to her teacher the saying of her boy brother concerning the celebrated meteor of 1783, when it caught the little fellow’s attention as he lay kicking his heels on the floor. “Oh, mamma!” cried he, — “oh, mamma, there’s the moon *rinnin’ awa’!*” Samuel was now at the Edinburgh University, and presumably on this account, the parents decided on moving also to Auld Reekie, and once again their only daughter was set to work

at her books. By this time she had learned to value them. Music, curiously enough, was her first love, however, and she now spent four or five hours at the piano daily; while her account of the dancing-lesson of the period is so vivacious that it should be read as it stands:

They sent me to Strange’s dancing-school. Strange himself was like a figure on the stage: tall and thin, he wore a powdered wig, with cannons at the ears, and a pigtail. Ruffles at the breast and wrists, white waistcoat, black silk or velvet shorts, white silk stockings, large silver buckles, and a pale-blue coat, completed his costume. He had a little fiddle on which he played, called a kit. My first lesson was to walk, and make a curtsy. “Young lady, if you visit the queen, you must make three curtsies, lower, and lower, and lower, as you approach — so — o — o,” leading me on, and making me a curtsy. “Now, if the queen were to ask you to eat a bit of mutton with her, what would you say?” . . . Every Saturday afternoon all the scholars, both boys and girls, met to practise in the public Assembly Rooms in George Street. . . . Some of the elder girls were very pretty, and danced well; so these practisings became a lounge for the young officers at the castle, and other young men. We used always to go in full evening dress. We learned the *minuet de la cour*, reels, and country-dances. Our partners used to give us gingerbread and oranges. Dancing before so many people was quite an exhibition, and I was greatly mortified one day, when ready to begin a minuet, by the dancing-master shaking me roughly, and making me hold out my frock properly.

And if the three Miss Melvilles were of the party, the mortification would be complete. These young ladies were the models of perfection whom the exasperated Mary was forever being urged to imitate. She was pretty enough, but (so thought Aunt Janet, or somebody — whom, history saith not) lacked deportment. She did not draw up her right toe to her left heel as the all-accomplished Miss Melvilles did, perhaps. That she knew she possessed beauty is shown by the laughing remark of later years, that it was “very hard that no one had ever thought of painting her portrait while she was young and pretty.” It was not until after Mary Somerville had become famous that such an idea would appear ever to have been mooted; but at sixteen the “Rose of Jedwood” was, according to her contemporaries, “much admired, and a great favorite. She had a graceful figure, below the middle size, a small head well set on her shoulders, a beautiful complexion, bright, intel-

ligent eyes, and a profusion of soft brown hair." "To her latest days," says another, "she was a beautiful old woman, as she had been a lovely young one." Being small and delicate in face and figure, she looked considerably younger even than those by many years her juniors; "but," says her biographer, "this was in no degree owing to anything juvenile in her style of dress,"—a weakness from which we can indeed well believe Mary Somerville to have been free.

Theatre-going in the northern capital was looked askance upon by the majority when Mary Fairfax was having her first peep into the world; and she tells us how, on one occasion when entering her mother's drawing-room, she found an old man sitting there who, on her entrance, rose and kissed her, taking the privilege of a very old friend. This was Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," for the perpetration of which iniquity, and for the scandal of having had it acted in Edinburgh, he had been compelled to resign his living; while some of his clerical friends, bold enough to brave the thunders of the Kirk, had been publicly rebuked for going to witness the performance. "Our family," says Mrs. Somerville, "was perfectly liberal in all these matters." "I had never neglected Shakespeare," she continues; "and when our great tragedians—Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble—came for a short time to act in Edinburgh, I could think of nothing else. They were both remarkably handsome, and, notwithstanding the Scotch prejudice, the theatre was crowded every night."

At the same time, other pursuits and occupations were entered into. Mrs. Fairfax, quite of the old school with regard to women's duties, was very particular about her table; and wisely considering that a great deal of wedded comfort depends upon well-cooked and well-set-out meals, the worthy housewife cast about in her mind how best to induce her high-mettled young sprig of a daughter to follow her lead in this respect. Mary was ultimately sent to learn at an adjoining pastry-cook's, her companion in the lesson being the daughter of a well-known baronet, and "one of the belles of the day." Much did the two sprightly misses enjoy the fun, and no doubt great was the glory they obtained, when presently jellies and creams, compounded by their own fair fingers, went the round at the little supper-parties given for the set purpose of displaying the new accomplishment—"although, as far as economy went," owns

Mary frankly, "we might as well have bought them."

She next learned drawing from Nasmyth, a first-rate landscape-painter; and though all she herself says of this is, that in spite of spoiling much material, she had "made some progress" by the end of the season, the master spoke in a different strain, when he told a lady, living within the last twenty years, that "the cleverest young lady he had ever taught was Miss Mary Fairfax." (*N.B.*—Doubtless the Fifeshire dominie thought the same, and mayhap a few others besides these.)

All this time not a whisper of science; but now Mary is on the verge of the— to her—enchanted ground, and strangely indeed does the narration read of her first casual step upon it, through the medium of—what think you?—a magazine of fashion! It was on the return of the family for the summer to their old home that the following occurred:—

I was often invited with my mother to the tea-parties at Burntisland. A pool of commerce used to be keenly contested till a late hour at these parties, which bored me exceedingly, but I there became acquainted with a Miss Ogilvie, much younger than the rest, who asked me to go and see fancy works she was doing, and at which she was very clever. I went next day, and after admiring her work, and being told how it was done, she showed me a monthly magazine, with colored plates of ladies' dresses, charades, and puzzles. At the end of the page I read what appeared to me to be simply an arithmetical question; but on turning the page I was surprised to see strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly *x*'s and *y*'s, and asked, "What is that?" "Oh," said Miss Ogilvie, "it is a kind of arithmetic—they call it algebra; but I can tell you nothing about it." And we talked about other things: but on going home I thought I would look if any of our books would tell me what was meant by algebra. In Robertson's "Navigation" I flattered myself I had found precisely what I wanted, but I soon saw I was mistaken. I perceived, however, that astronomy did not consist in star-gazing, and as I persevered in studying the book for a time, I certainly did get a dim view of several subjects which were useful to me afterwards. Unfortunately none of our acquaintances or relations knew anything of science or natural history, nor, had they done so, should I have had the courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn—not a hand held out to help me.

Nasmyth, the drawing-master, did indeed casually suggest, "You should study Euclid's 'Elements of Geometry,'" when explaining to his pupils the principle of

perspective. "Euclid," said he, "is the foundation not only of perspective but of astronomy and all mechanical science." But how was Mary Fairfax to obtain a Euclid? As for going straight off and inquiring for one at a bookseller's, — the most natural thing in the world, one would think, — such a piece of audacity was out of the question; and accordingly she must perforce again have patience. But the spirit within had been stirred. Back at her Fifeshire home once more, there came as tutor to the youngest brother (he is here for the first time mentioned) a certain Mr. Craw, a good, kind, simple sort of man, — the very receptacle, in short, for a timid request. To him went his pupil's young sister. Could he, and would he, tell her about algebra and geometry? How the good soul must have stared! Would he further bring her some elementary treatises on the subject? His eyes must have opened still wider. Finally, the above requests acceded to, would he himself demonstrate a few of the problems? Alack-a-day! the good youth was no mathematician; so there the alliance ended. She had soon had enough of him (whatever he may have had of her), and alone and unaided once more, she must set forth to pursue the road to fame. Late into the night the candle would be burnt; for although an early riser, all the daylight hours must be spent in music, painting, needlework, and domestic concerns, so that the beloved study could only be pored over when the house was quiet, and its other inmates wrapped in slumber. Six books of Euclid were thus gone through, no one intervening, since no one knew anything of the matter.

But such blissful ignorance was too good to last. The servants, aggrieved and unsympathetic, discovered what was going through the undeniable and prosaic evidence of candles burnt low in their sockets; one complained to the other and finally all told the tale above-stairs. It was no wonder the candles were going so fast, said they, with Miss Mary sitting up so late at nights reading. Reading! We can almost hear the ring of scorn in the domestic household. Down came the thrifty madam upon the graceless miss, supplies were stopped, and the culprit thrown back upon her own resources and her own memory — perhaps the very best thing that could have happened to her. For by these means nearly every problem already demonstrated was, she tells us, fast riveted in her memory forever.

Then comes in the father again. Cap-

tain Fairfax, or Admiral Fairfax — we are not sure of his exact rank at this period — coming home from sea for a short space, finds out what has been going on in his absence, and in his bluff fashion puts down his sturdy foot once more on Mary's going her own independent way. "Peg," cries he to his wife, "we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude!" If X. had "gone raving mad" about some pretty girl, or so, the gallant sailor could doubtless have understood and sympathized; but about the longitude!

By way of averting a similar fate from his fair daughter, he then proceeded to despatch her off to make holiday here and there, up and down the country, and we have pleasant descriptions of this and that old-fashioned Scottish residence, only one of which, however, claims our notice, and that, because there Science bestirred herself to gain her own once more. Lord Balmuto, the host, a Scotch judge, had a son with a turn for chemistry, and the latter invited Mary to inspect his laboratory. What a laboratory might be she frankly confesses she did not know; but ever eager to learn, off she set hot-foot in company with both the gentlemen to explore the unknown region. The two then thought to play off a little jest upon their unsophisticated visitor. How the jest ended is thus told: —

The son put a substance on the table and took a hammer, his father saying, "Now you will hear a fine report." I ran out of the room crying, "I don't like fine reports." Sure enough there was a very loud report, followed by a violent crash, and on going into the room again, we found that the son had been knocked down, the father was trembling from head to foot, and the apparatus had been smashed to pieces. They had had a narrow escape.

Then follows a word of warning for parents: —

Lord Balmuto's daughter led a dull life, and when in Edinburgh was much kept down by her father, and associated little with people of her own rank and station. The consequence was that she eloped with her drawing-master, to the inexpressible rage and mortification of her father, who had all the Scotch pride of family and pure blood.

Mary Fairfax had certainly not her friend's excuse, had she followed her example. She was now on the verge of that period when young ladies, more strictly brought up than she had been, are permitted to emerge from their chrysalis

state, and flutter their wings in the sunshine of society; and although it is apparent that Mrs. Fairfax had never to any extent secluded her daughter—that she had permitted this and that relaxation at any rate—yet a difference could still now be made. To a ball—to a real *bona fide* ball—the little lady had never yet been taken. Most of the Scottish families of distinction wintered in the capital in those days, and a merry time they had, if we may judge by the accounts of routs, dances, concerts, and supper-parties, which would seem to have been considerably more frequent—and, to tell the truth, more lively—than they are at the present time. May we dare to suggest that Edinburgh society is hardly frolicsome nowadays?

But what a blithe scene sunny Princes Street must have presented in the early days of the century, when all the beaux and belles were there assembled, patched and powdered and pigtailed, wit and repartee flashing from tip to tip, eyes beaming with sentiment, or adoration! The girls, Mrs. Somerville tells us, had perfect liberty to walk about up and down the gay promenade, and be joined by their dancing-partners of the previous nights; so that the whole place would be a-buzz with fun and flirtation, probably innocent enough, and not infrequently leading to suitable and happy matrimony. Mary Fairfax was not more free than others of her age and rank; for she is careful to state that the Countess of Buchan, an unexceptionable chaperon, to whom she was "somehow related," was always ready to take charge of her when, as was often the case, her mother declined going into society, on account of her husband's enforced absence. But Lady Buchan, though good for a ball, or a theatre, saw no occasion to preside over the early stroll. Can we not picture it? The pretty girls in their simple, short-skirted frocks, tied under the arms by way of a waist; their quaint, coquettish poke-bonnets (the most charming framework in the world for a charming face); their smart shoes, and fine open-worked silk stockings, the latter a great point with the *élégante* of those times. Then there would be the youths, on their part, with their colored coats, their gorgeously embroidered satin vests, and their long pigtailed, or *queues*. Wonderful to relate, Mary disliked the queues, an objection which was met by her outspoken papa with unqualified scorn, and an asseveration that "when a man cut off his queue, the head should go with it!"

Politics probably helped to strengthen the admiral's prejudice on the subject, it having just begun to be the mode for the Liberals of the epoch to crop their hair short, while the dandies of the other party adhered to the pigtail. Fairfax was a stout Tory, and his queue would be with him a part of his creed.

Not only did the fair maids of the north walk and talk with their dancing-partners in sweet amity and unrestraint, but they practised what we are accustomed to consider a freedom peculiar to our Transatlantic young-lady cousins,—they invited the youths to their homes, gave them supper-parties, and then, and only then, made them known to their parents.

At these meetings [writes Mary] we played at games, danced reels, or had a little music—never cards. After supper there were toasts, sentiments, and songs. There were always one or two hot dishes, and a variety of sweet things, and fruit. Though I was much more at ease in society now, I was always terribly put out when asked for a toast, or a sentiment. Like other girls, I did not dislike a little quiet flirtation; but I never could speak across a table, nor take a leading part in conversation. . . . I never lost sight of the main object of my life, which was to prosecute my studies. So I painted at Nasmyth's, played the usual number of hours on the piano, worked and conversed with my mother; and as we kept early hours, I rose at day-break, and after dressing, wrapped myself in a blanket from my bed on account of the excessive cold—having no fire at that hour—and read algebra, or the classics, till breakfast time. I had and still have determined perseverance, and I soon found that it was in vain to occupy my mind beyond a certain time. I grew tired, and did more harm than good. So that if I met with a difficult point, for example in algebra, instead of poring over it till I was bewildered, I left it, took my work or some amusing book, and resumed it when my mind was fresh.

A hint which all students would do well to profit by; seldom is any real advance or achievement made when the brain has done its work for the day. "After-hours" are a mistake all round.

Mary's time was by no means idled away in those Princes Street peregrinations then; and if the young among our readers can give as good an account of the manner in which the most of theirs is spent, surely no one will begrudge them the modern substitute for an hour under the beetling crags of Edinburgh Castle, even though it should be with the accompaniment of a queue progressing alongside.

We have lingered thus long over the

early life of Mary Somerville, partly because it is so delightful in itself, and partly because it is so distinct from that of other leaders of science; but we must now hasten on, and behold her on another platform.

First of all, she marries her cousin, Mr. Greig, of whom the only characteristic that we are able to obtain is, that he had a very low opinion of the capacity of her sex (though he probably would not have agreed with Mrs. Poyser, that "God Almighty made 'em to match the men"), and having neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind, would fain have had his wife as stupid as himself. What, in the name of wonder, possessed the sprightly, lovely girl to single out such a dullard, when she must surely have had the pick of the Scottish youth to choose from, is a mystery of which we have no explanation. She took him—we wonder how he dared to ask her—she married him, and met with little to confirm the wisdom of her judgment, or to refute the proverb about wedding in haste. The whole of her days were now passed in a small, ill-ventilated London house—passed, moreover, apparently alone; while for recreation, a solitary walk in a neighboring square must have formed a sad contrast to the former gay and mirthful promenade. It is almost too terrible to think what might have been the whole after life of the poor young bride had this episode been prolonged. Happily it came to a speedy and unexpected end, and so little is known of it that it must almost have seemed like a dream which swiftly vanished out of sight, leaving scarce a trace behind, when looked back upon through the vista of the many happy and glorious years which followed. Mr. Greig died, and the youthful widow, with her two infant boys, returned to the home of her childhood, right glad, we cannot but think, to see the bonnie Fifeshire hills once more.

The mathematical studies began afresh, and "by this time," she writes, "I had studied plane and spherical trigonometry and Ferguson's 'Astronomy';" and the next thing is that she solves a diophantine problem (whatever that may be), and is awarded a silver medal cast on purpose with her name. Mathematical science was at that period at a somewhat low ebb, and reverence for Newton, we are informed, had prevented men from adopting the "calculus," which had enabled foreign mathematicians to carry astronomical and mechanical science to the highest perfec-

tion. Professors Ivory and De Morgan had adopted the calculus; but several years elapsed before Herschel and Babbage were joint editors with Peacock in an abridged translation of the "Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus." Mary Somerville, then Mrs. Greig, made the acquaintance of Professor Wallace, professor of mathematics at the Edinburgh University, through her pursuit of the all-fascinating study, and besought him to furnish her with a list of books which should enable her to go through a regular course of mathematical and astronomical science. The list he made out was a pretty tough one; but the books were unhesitatingly purchased, and we have the following record of the affair:—

I was thirty-three years of age when I bought this little library. I could hardly believe that I possessed such a treasure, when I looked back on the day that I first saw the mysterious word "algebra," and the long course of years during which I had persevered almost without hope. It taught me never to despair. I had now the means, and pursued my studies with increased assiduity; concealment was no longer possible, nor was it attempted. I was considered eccentric and foolish, and my conduct was highly disapproved of by many, especially by some members of my own family, as will be seen hereafter. They expected me to entertain and keep a gay house for them [she must have been widowed, then, for some years by this time], and in that [she adds] they were disappointed. As I was quite independent, I did not care for their criticism. A great part of each day I was occupied with my children; and in the evening I worked, played piquet with my father, or played on the piano, sometimes with violin accompaniment.

And thus for some time her life flowed peacefully along, and she doubtless thought that the world had nothing better for her in store. But then there appears on the horizon another cousin—how fatal these cousins are!—and Mary Greig becomes Mary Somerville, and finds at last the ideal life realized, all her great powers of mind appreciated, her studies respected and approved, and her ambition shared.

According to the phrase of the day, her new husband was "Somerville" with her; and it is delightful to see how swiftly Somerville becomes the prominent figure upon every page, the inseparable companion in every path. It is now "Somerville and I" at every turn; "Somerville and I went there," and "Somerville and I did this;" "Somerville enjoyed a comic opera exceedingly, and so did I, for Somerville liked the theatre as much as I did," etc.

The bride, however, was not so happy in some of Somerville's relations; for directly her engagement had been announced, one of his sisters, and younger than herself besides, had written in the most impertinent and offensive manner, hoping that Mary would now give up her foolish manner of life and studies, and make a useful and respectable wife to her brother. We are rejoiced to learn that the brother himself, not seeing need for the reformation, so promptly suppressed the meddling spinster that she lacked courage to strike another blow, even in self-defence. There was, however, an under-current of ill-humor on the subject; and though "we lived in peace," says Mrs. Somerville, "there was a coldness and reserve between us ever after." Some little time afterwards she had an opportunity of showing that she might at the same time be a lover of science and a "useful and respectable" matron. A cousin, Samuel Somerville, and his wife, joined the bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour among the Cumberland lakes, and when stopping at the little inn at Lowood, Samuel was seized with fever, retaining the whole party there for a month. During his illness he took a longing for currant jelly, which was promptly gratified by one of his tender nurses, the learned *savante*, who records with pride that she made him some which was excellent — a service for which she was rewarded by the astonishment of all, at her being able to do anything so useful.

Somerville and Mary then proceeded to London; and so different was her new experience of matrimony from her former one, that she was not only supported in her choice of studies, but assisted, and incited to pursue them more and more ardently. Of the husband his daughter thus writes in after years: —

My father never had the slightest ambition on his own account. He was far happier helping my mother in various ways — searching the libraries for the books she required, and indefatigably copying and recopying her manuscripts, to save her time. No trouble seemed too great which he could bestow upon her; it was a labor of love.

At the same time, the value of such labors and assistance must have been greatly enhanced by the fact that he was very intelligent, and generally well informed; an excellent classical scholar, had a lively interest in all branches of natural history, was a good botanist and mineralogist, and, to crown all, was a severe critic of proof-sheets, his own writing of the English

language being singularly pure and correct. Here was a husband worth the having!

Allied to him, his talented wife now not only maintained all her former studies, but added to their list. "Geology," she says, "became a favorite pursuit of ours." Observe it is "of ours" now, no longer "of mine;" and mineralogy having an interest for Somerville, she "heartily joined with him." Learning, always learning, — not eager to display the amount of knowledge already acquired; not thirsting to rush into print, and see her name appended to that of other learned authorities; not lecturing, nor reciting, nor even given to dining out and posing as a genius, which by this time she most probably might have done; but quietly laying in her store year by year, Mary Somerville gains height after height, and will soon be on the pinnacle of her fame.

She begins to have learned friends and correspondents, among them Sir W. Herschel and his son, Sir David Brewster, M. Arago, the Marquis de la Place, M. Biot, and other lesser luminaries. The Somervilles begin to be talked about, inquired about, and sought out. They are *fêted* in Paris; Madame Biot makes up a party on purpose for them to meet "les personnes distinguées;" the Prince de Condé receives them at his castle in Chantilly; M. Cuvier shows them the wonders of the museum at the Jardin des Plantes; and Dr. and Mrs. Marcet do the honors of Geneva. Of Mrs. Marcet —

Her conversations on chemistry [writes Mary Somerville] first opened out to Faraday's mind that field of science in which he became so illustrious, and, at the height of his fame, he always mentioned Mrs. Marcet with deep reverence. . . . At Venice we renewed our acquaintance with the Countess Albrizzi, who received every evening. It was at these receptions that we saw Lord Byron, but he would not make the acquaintance of any English people at that time. When he came into the room, I did not perceive his lameness, and thought him strikingly like my brother Henry, who was remarkably handsome. I said to Somerville, "Is Lord Byron like any one you know?" "Your brother Henry, decidedly," he replied. At Florence I was presented to the Countess of Albany, widow of "Prince Charlie." She was then supposed to be married to Alfieri, the poet, and held a kind of state reception every evening. Her manner was proud and insolent. "So you don't speak Italian! You must have had a very bad education, for Miss Clephane Maclane there [who was close by] speaks both French and Italian beautifully." So saying, she turned away, and never ad-

dressed another word to me. . . . I was still a young woman, but I thought myself too old to learn a foreign language, consequently I did not try. I spoke French badly; and now, after several years' residence in Italy, although I can carry on a conversation fluently in Italian, I do not speak it well.

On this point Mrs. Somerville's biographer has a word to say. Several years after, we are informed, when at Siena, she engaged a lady to converse in Italian with her for a couple of hours daily, and by this means she very soon became familiar with the language, and could converse in it with ease. But she never cared to *write* in any language but English. Her style has been reckoned particularly clear and good by various competent judges, but on this point she herself was always diffident, saying she was only a self-taught, uneducated Scotch-woman, and feared to use Scottish idioms inadvertently. "In speaking," says her daughter, "she certainly had a very decided but pleasant Scottish accent, and when aroused or excited, would often unconsciously use not only native idioms, but quaint old Scottish words. Her voice was soft and low, and her manner earnest." No doubt it was the fine old high-bred, and altogether *unprovincial* Scottish phraseology which is thus referred to. Alas! this is now all but extinct, and almost if not quite the last of those who spoke it have now passed away from our midst. But how piquant, how humorous, how suggestive it was! How often would it hit the mark in a way never to be forgotten by the hearer! How frequently would it express the exact meaning of the speaker when no orthodox, regulation, dictionary word or grammatical term would have come near it! The French language alone resembles the fine, old, gently flavored Scotch in this delicious subtlety; and when in the lips of courtly old lairds and dames, as the writer has many a time and oft hearkened to it in bygone years, it had a charm, an almost pathetic delicacy and originality, which the ear must have been dull indeed that failed to appreciate.

To return to the Somervilles. At Rome the pope himself, kind, gracious old Pius VII., took leave of his gitted visitor with the paternal benediction: "Though a Protestant, you will be none the worse of an old man's blessing;" and in passing through Bologna they met the illustrious Mezzofanti, then a quiet-looking priest, with nothing in his countenance to indicate genius,—"nor," says Mrs. Somerville, "was his conversation remarkable.

Yet he told them he understood and spoke fifty-two languages. Between these he never traced any connection, nor did their acquisition lead to anything." It was merely an astonishing power.

Upon returning home from this delightful journey, the small members of the family, now comfortably settled in a good house in Hanover Square, began to assert their right. We are never exactly told how many there were of them at this time, and several, we know, died young, but at any rate there was a little group to be looked after, fed, clothed, and educated; and Mrs. Somerville, with a keen recollection of her own early ignorance, and perhaps mistrusting their powers of perseverance if put to as severe a test as her own had been, took care to supply every kind of useful instruction, and herself, as we have said before, devoted some hours to its bestowal every day. At the same time, her own mind thrived and expanded. She became great in mineralogy, it being a favorite study of "Somerville's." It was an amusement to husband and wife equally to arrange the minerals they had collected on their travels, and their cabinet was further enriched by the contributions of friends.

Somerville [says his wife] used to analyze minerals with the blow-pipe, which I never did. One evening when he was so occupied, I was playing the piano, when suddenly I fainted: he was very much startled, as neither I nor any of my family had ever done such a thing. When I recovered, I said it was the smell of the garlic that had made me ill. The truth was, the mineral contained arsenic, and I was poisoned for the time by the fumes.

Worse than the chemical experiment in Lord Balmuto's laboratory, to be nearly poisoned by one's own husband in one's own drawing-room! Gradually mineralogy gave place to geology, and it strikes us curiously now to be told that geologists had excited public attention, and had shocked the clergy and the more scrupulous of the laity by proving beyond a doubt that the formation of the globe extended through enormous periods of time.

The contest was even more keen [says Mrs. Somerville] than it is at the present time about the various races of prehistoric men. It lasted very long too: for after I had published my work on Physical Geography, I was preached against by name in York Cathedral.

It was not only grave doctors of law and expounders of science, however, who gathered round the talented pair; there flit around the pleasant, well-appointed

hearth, brilliant and charming women, — such women as have left their mark on the time, and whom Mrs. Somerville was the last person to undervalue or depreciate. Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Opie, Joanna Baillie, Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, and Miss Mitford, alternate with Sydney Smith, Rogers, Moore, Campbell, Spencer, Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Melbourne, and others, in being in and out perpetually; courtiers, and men and women of mere fashion, were to be met with (albeit more sparingly); and foreigners of any sort of distinction were at once presented to the circle. Of her contemporaries Mrs. Somerville writes: —

I read Miss Austen's novels at this time, and thought them excellent, especially "Pride and Prejudice." . . . Miss Mitford's "Our Village" is perfect of its kind. . . . Mrs. Fry's voice is very fine, her delivery admirable, and her prayer was sublime.

Up to this date, Mary Somerville had herself given nothing to the world. Her mind had been entirely yielded towards the absorption of knowledge, and she would have considered the idea of being herself an authority as presumptuous. She did, in fact, so consider it when solicited by Lord Brougham, in the most flattering terms, to give an account of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" and the "*Principia*," two severe works, of the latter of which Brougham affirmed that he did not believe there were twenty people in England who knew this great work except by name, and not a hundred who knew it even by name. He then added that his firm belief was that Mrs. Somerville "could add two figures to each of those ciphers."

She was, in her own words, surprised beyond expression. Modesty often is. But when to Brougham's urgent and finally personal entreaty was added that of her husband, who must, she felt, be able to gauge her powers if any one could, she would no longer refuse. She simply told them that she felt she was incapable of such a task, but as they both wished it so much, she would do her very best, upon condition of secrecy, and that if she failed, the manuscript should be put into the fire. Thus, she observed afterwards, "was the whole character and course of my future life suddenly and unexpectedly changed." One notices this not unfrequently in the case of long-lived and illustrious personages. They mature late, and when ordinary men and women are stolidly stationary in middle life, or are even beginning to decline, they are but taking their first steps on the path of their real career.

Mrs. Somerville now rose early, and made such family arrangements as enabled her to write afterwards; and although, occasionally, in the midst of a difficult problem, a lady friend would smilingly enter, saying, "I have come to spend a few hours with you," and though she by no means gave up society, as this "would neither have suited Somerville nor herself," the MS. was in due time completed, and carried off to its destination. Brougham sent it to Sir John Herschel, the greatest astronomer of the period, and it was received by him with an outburst of enthusiastic applause. "What a pity," he cried, "that La Place has not lived to see this illustration of his great work!"

In the whole treatise, Herschel had hardly a fault to find, or error to correct.

Whewell next raised his note of triumph. He looked upon the book "as one of the most remarkable which our age has produced;" and presently broke forth into a strain of actual gallantry: "When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field which we mathematicians have been laboring in all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground, and betake ourselves to poetry;" and then follows the poetry, which, if it does not show the great mathematician to have been very much of a poet, at least presents him to us in the light of a generous and chivalrous gentleman, far above all mean and petty detraction of a rival, and, worse still, a rival of the weaker sex.

The whole edition of the work, now known as the "*Mechanism of the Heavens*," was sold off at once — chiefly at Cambridge; but as the preface was the only part intelligible to the general public, copies of it were separately printed. The author was immediately elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and it was unanimously voted by the Royal Society that her bust, by Chantrey, should be placed in their great hall. She was also elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy at Dublin, of the *Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle* at Geneva, and of many other lesser institutions. It was no wonder that the very relations who had "formerly criticised and ridiculed" her, were now "loud in her praise." Relations are apt to be like this.

Of her husband, the happy wife proudly records: —

The warmth with which Somerville entered into my success deeply affected me; for not one in ten thousand would have rejoiced at it

as he did. But he was of a generous nature, far above jealousy, and he continued through life to take the kindest interest in all I did.

Peel wrote that, to prove that great scientific attainments are recognized among public claims, he "had advised a grant of £200 a year," and this came only too opportunely, for the very next day the poor rejoicing Somervilles were informed that all their capital had been lost through mismanagement and treachery. We must add that on hearing this, Lord John Russell handsomely contrived to have another £100 a year added to the pension.

Then there came a *fêted* week at Cambridge, to be spent especially in the company of Airy, then astronomer there, and Sedgwick, the geologist. Sedgwick's note beforehand is lively and to the point. It had been decided to lodge the distinguished guests in Trinity College itself — a most unusual favor, so far as a lady was concerned.

A four-poster bed [writes he] a thing utterly out of our monastic system, will rear its head for you and Madame in a chamber immediately below my own, and your maid may safely rest her bones in a small inner chamber. Should Sheepshanks return, we can stuff him into the lumber-room of the observatory.

And then follows a list of other arrangements, and of engagements which would appear to have embraced every hour of every day of the proposed visit. Shortly afterwards there was the same kind of thing at Paris, and then — everywhere. Here is an amusing entry from the Paris notes : —

Somerville and I went with Sir Sydney Smith (not his old friend the real Sydney) one evening to a reception at the Duchesse d'Abrante's, widow of Junot. She was short, thick, and not in the least distinguished-looking. I had met her at the Duchesse de Broglie's, where she talked of Junot as if he had been in the next room. Sir Sydney was quite covered with stars and crosses, and I was amused with the way in which he threw back his cloak to display them as he handed me to the carriage. . . . I met with Prince Kosloffsky everywhere. He was the fattest man I ever saw — a perfect Falstaff. However, his intellect was not smothered, for he would sit an hour with me talking about mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and what not. He was banished from Russia; and as he had been speaking imprudently about politics in Paris, he was ordered to go elsewhere: still he lingered on, and was with me one morning when the Russian Ambassador called. The latter said to me, "Are you aware that Prince Kosloffsky has left Paris?" "Oh yes," I said; "I regret it much." He took

the hint and went away directly. . . . I had hitherto been entirely among the Liberal set. How it came that we were invited to dine with M. de Thury I do not remember. He was a moderate Legitimiste. . . . Many, however, of his set were ultra. When I happened to mention that we had been staying with Lafayette, I was begged not to mention it, or else some of the guests would leave the room. The ladies of that party would not dance or go to any gay party; they had a part of the theatre reserved for themselves; they wore high, dark dresses with long sleeves, called "Robes de Résistance," and even the Legitimiste newspapers appeared with black edges.

A little touch of the early Scottish training comes in prettily here. "The president invited me to a very brilliant ball he gave, but as it was on a Sunday, I could not accept the invitation." None were kinder to them than Lord and Lady Granville; and when the husband was obliged to return to England, he was assured that in case of any disturbance his wife should find a home at the Embassy.

From Paris emanated her next work, "On the Connection of the Physical Sciences," and through the Embassy all the proof-sheets had in consequence to go. It was dedicated to Queen Adelaide, who thanked its author for so doing at a drawing-room which Mrs. Somerville attended on her return to London. Some time afterwards she had a pleasant little result of fame in the following: "We had travelled all night in the mail-coach, and when it became light, a gentleman opposite said, 'Is not the lady Mrs. Somerville, whose bust I saw at Chantrey's?'" He proved to be Mr. Sopwith, an eminent engineer, distinguished for scientific knowledge, and with him a friendship was thus then and there begun. He travelled faster than did his companions after a time, so that on their arrival at their destination, which was also his, they were received by him and his wife with the hospitality of old friends.

"Physical Geography" followed next from Mary Somerville's now ready pen, and brought her the honor of being awarded the Victoria medal, besides a shower of lesser distinctions from every kind of college and academy, both foreign and English. In whatever society she appeared, or wherever, her name was mentioned, the world bowed down before her, yet, all-woman as she was, there is no evidence of her being spoilt by the homage of the unlearned multitude any more than by the encomiums of the exalted few. Of her claim to either of these it would ill become us to offer an opinion. Such an

opinion has, as a matter of fact, been already formed by those best capable of forming it, and Mary Somerville's footmarks on the sands of time indelibly imprinted.

To attempt any list of the friends and admirers who now thronged round her, would simply be to detail the names of nearly all the eminent personages of the period. A single brief description of her London life, brimming over as it was with vivacity and novelty, may, however, serve as a peephole, and through it we may obtain some sort of idea of the whole:—

When London began to fill, and the season was at its height, the Miss Berrys used to retire to a pretty villa at Twickenham, where they received their friends to luncheon, and strawberries and cream, and very delightful these visits were in fine spring weather. I recollect once, after dining there, to have been fortunate enough to give a place in my carriage to Lord Macaulay, and those who remember his charming and brilliant conversation will understand how short the drive back to London appeared. . . . I had been acquainted with the Miss Berrys at Raith, when visiting their cousins there. Mary, the eldest, was a handsome, accomplished woman, who, from her youth, had lived in the most distinguished society, both at home and abroad. She was a Latin scholar, spoke and wrote French fluently, yet, with all these advantages, the consciousness that she might have done something better, had female education been less frivolous, gave her a characteristic melancholy which lasted through life. She did not talk much herself, but she had the tact to lead the conversation. When in London, she and her sister received every evening a select society in their small house in Curzon Street. Besides any distinguished foreigners who happened to be in London, among their habitual guests were my friend Lady Charlotte Lindsay, always witty and agreeable, the brilliant and beautiful Sheridans, Lord Lansdowne, Lady Theresa Lewis, Lady Davy, and the Miss Fanshaws. The latter were highly accomplished and good artists; besides which, Miss Catherine Fanshawe wrote clever *vers de société*, such as a charade on the letter H,* and, if I am not mistaken, "The Butterfly's Ball," etc. I visited these ladies, but their manners were so cold and formal that, though I admired their talents, I never became intimate with them. On the contrary, like every one else, I loved Mary Berry, she was so warm-hearted and kind. . . . We sometimes went to see Miss Lydia White, who also received every evening: she was clever, witty, and very free in her conversation. On one occasion the party consisted, besides ourselves, of the Misses Berry, Lady Davy, the

three poets, Rogers, William Spencer, and Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Dudley. Rogers, who was a bitter satirist and hated Lord Dudley, had written the following epigram:—

Ward has no heart, 'tis said; but I deny it:
He has a heart — and gets his speeches by it.

I had never heard of this epigram, and, on coming away, Lord Dudley said, "You are going home to sleep and I to work." I answered, "Oh, you are going home to prepare your speech for to-morrow." My appropriate rejoinder raised a universal laugh. . . . Washington Irving frequently came to see me when in London. He was as agreeable in conversation as he was distinguished as an author. No one could be more amiable than Admiral Wilkes, U. S. Navy. We saw a good deal of him, and I had a long letter from him giving me an account of his fleet, his plan for circumnavigation, etc. . . . Highway robberies were common on all the roads in the vicinity of London, but no violence was offered. On one occasion I remember hearing that my father had been travelling alone over Blackheath when the postilion was ordered to stop, a pistol presented at my father, and his purse demanded. My father at once recognized the voice as that of a shipmate, and exclaimed, "Good God! I know that voice. Can it be young —?" I am dreadfully shocked. I have a hundred pounds, which shall be yours. Come into the carriage, and let me take you to London, where you will be safe." "No, no," the young man said; "I have associates whom I cannot leave—it is too late." . . . It was too late. He was arrested, and eventually suffered. Years afterwards, when I heard my father mention this event, he was deeply affected, and never would tell the name of the young man who had been his messmate.

The life thus brilliant and full of glowing interest and prosperity in its outward circumstances, was no less bright and serene inwardly. Sons and daughters had grown up to gladden the home of Mary Somerville, and although several of these had, as we have said, been removed by the hand of death when still in early youth, and although their loss had been deeply and keenly felt by the most affectionate of parents, yet the sincere piety which pervaded her spirit had enabled her to bear every trial with a submission which had brought its own reward. Cheerfulness was with her a reigning characteristic to the very end of an unusually prolonged life. Her sympathies were thrown out in all directions. Her enthusiasm was for every kind of subject. She had an eager and intelligent curiosity about matters totally unconnected with her own peculiar bent of mind. She was, in fact, cosmopolitan in her feelings, thoughts, tastes, and interests. The loss of her dearly

* We presume that one beginning, "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell."

loved and most congenial husband in 1860, after many years of happy wedlock, saddened and shadowed, but it could not blight the remainder of her life. She herself says little about it — we can understand why; such a grief was not for the world to pry into.

A few lines, however, from a friend, Miss Cobbe, may give some faint idea of what the tie must have been which had at last been severed: —

I had seen in you both [wrote this lady] the most beautiful instance of united old age. His love and pride in you, breaking out as it did at every instant when you happened to be absent, gives me the measure of what his loss must be to your warm heart.

Such a loss was irreparable; but much still remained — much at any rate for one possessed of so large a capacity for enjoyment. Five years later, when in her eighty-sixth year, the fine old lady, all alertness and expectation, and with her straight back as straight as ever (thanks to Miss Primrose, perhaps, after all), mounted the companion ladder of the Resistance, the first ironclad she had ever seen, went over every part, examined all the machinery, etc., in detail, and actually peered and poked into every nook and corner, excepting, she allows, the *stoke-hole*. She was not even hoisted on board, she relates gleefully, adding, "It was a glorious sight; and the perfection of structure in every part astonished me."

Many of her latter years were passed abroad, and the records of these are full of interest, but we have only space for one eloquent passage, the best of its kind we have ever come across. It is a description of the second great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872, the year of her own death. Four years previously she had witnessed a very grand eruption, in company with Tyndall and Lubbock, who had come from Rome on purpose to see it, and who were fortunate enough to be able to view the whole from Mrs. Somerville's own windows at Naples. But of the last, which surpassed even the former in its appalling magnificence, she thus writes: —

Vesuvius had exhibited considerable activity during the winter and early spring, and frequent streams of lava flowed from the crater, and especially from the small cone to the north. . . . One night, Thursday, the 25th April, my daughter Martha, who had been to the theatre, awakened me that I might see Vesuvius in splendid eruption. This was at about one o'clock on Friday morning. Early in the morning I was disturbed by what I thought to be loud thunder, and remarked

there must be a thunderstorm; but my maid said, "No; it is the mountain roaring." It must have been loud indeed for me to hear, considering my deafness, and the distance Vesuvius is from Naples; yet it was nothing compared to the noise later in the day, and for many days after. . . . We passed the whole day at the window. Vesuvius was now in fiercest eruption, such as has not occurred within the memory of this generation, lava overflowing the principal crater, and running in all directions. The fiery glow of lava is not very visible by daylight; smoke and steam is sent off, which rises white as snow, or rather as frosted silver, and the mouth of the great crater was white with the lava pouring over it. New craters had burst out during the night, and little did we dream that of many people who had gone up to see the lava (as my daughters had done repeatedly), some forty or fifty had been on the very spot where a new crater burst out, and had perished, scorched to death by the fiery vapors which had eddied from the fearful chasm. Some were rescued who had been less near the chasm, but of these none eventually recovered. Behind the cone rose an immense column of dense black smoke, to more than four times the height of the mountain, and spread out at the summit, horizontally, like a pine-tree, above the silvery stream which poured forth in volumes. There were constant bursts of fiery projectiles, shooting to an immense height into the black column of smoke, and tinging it with a lurid red color. The fearful roaring and thundering never ceased for a moment, and the house shook with the concussion of the air. . . . On the following day, Sunday (the thundering having never ceased), I was surprised at the extreme darkness, and looking out, saw men walking about with umbrellas. Vesuvius was emitting such an enormous quantity of ashes, or rather of fine black sand, that neither land, sky, nor sea was visible. Strangers seemed to be even more alarmed by this than at the eruption, and certainly the constant loud roaring was appalling beyond measure, especially amidst the darkness and gloom of the falling ashes.]

"We were not at all afraid," concludes the dauntless old lady, who evidently had enjoyed the whole spectacle from the bottom of her heart; and she concludes with the following graphic touch: —

While gazing, a magnificent column, black as jet, darted with inconceivable violence and velocity to an immense height: it gave a grand idea of the power that was still in action in the fiery depths below.

This was to be the last grand sight witnessed by Mary Somerville in this world. She was then in her ninety-second year, as we have said above, but cheerful and animated as ever — still able, according to her own account, to read books on the

higher algebra for four or five hours every morning, and even to solve problems. These she would sometimes, she confesses, find difficult; but if so, she had still a fine remnant of her "old obstinacy" (strength of will, we should call it), which would not permit of her being baffled, and if unsuccessful one day, she would attack the puzzle again the next. Of her inner life she thus writes:—

The short time I have to live naturally occupies my thoughts. In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved children, and those who were near and dear to me, I think of death with composure, and perfect confidence in the mercy of God.

Still later on it is—

The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator.

And thus it continued to the end. There was no sickness, no pain, no fear. In health of body and vigor of mind, with her great intellect unclouded to the last moment, she calmly closed her eyes on this world, and opened them on another,—her pure spirit passing away so gently that, says her daughter, those around her scarcely knew that she had gone.

In her sleep she died, on the morning of the 29th of November, 1872, leaving behind her an ineffaceable record, and an empty niche in the temple of fame. Whence and when shall we see arise another Mary Somerville?

From The Cornhill Magazine.

JOHN HUXFORD'S HIATUS.

STRANGE it is and wonderful to mark how upon this planet of ours the smallest and most insignificant of events set a train of consequences in motion which act and react until their final results are portentous and incalculable. Set a force rolling, however small, and who can say where it shall end, or what it may lead to? Trifles develop into tragedies, and the bagatelle of one day ripens into the catastrophe of the next. An oyster throws out a secretion to surround a grain of sand, and so a pearl comes into being; a pearl-diver fishes it up, a merchant buys it and sells it to a jeweller, who disposes of it to a

customer. The customer is robbed of it by two scoundrels who quarrel over the booty. One slays the other and perishes himself upon the scaffold. Here is a direct chain of events with a sick mollusc for its first link, and a gallows for its last one. Had that grain of sand not chanced to wash in between the shells of the bivalve, two living breathing beings with all their potentialities for good and for evil would not have been blotted out from among their fellows. Who shall undertake to judge what is really small and what is great?

Thus when in the year 1821 Don Diego Salvador bethought him that if it paid the heretics in England to import the bark of his cork oaks, it would pay him also to found a factory by which the corks might be cut and sent out ready made, surely at first sight no very vital human interests would appear to be affected. Yet there were poor folk who would suffer, and suffer acutely—women who would weep and men who would become sallow and hungry-looking and dangerous in places of which the don had never heard, and all on account of that one idea which had flashed across him as he strutted, cigaretiferous, beneath the grateful shadow of his limes. So crowded is this old globe of ours, and so interlaced our interests, that one cannot think a new thought without some poor devil being the better or the worse for it.

Don Diego Salvador was a capitalist, and the abstract thought soon took the concrete form of a great square plastered building wherein a couple of hundred of his swarthy countrymen worked with deft, nimble fingers, at a rate of pay which no English artisan could have accepted. Within a few months the result of this new competition was an abrupt fall of prices in the trade, which was serious for the largest firms and disastrous for the smaller ones. A few old-established houses held on as they were, others reduced their establishments and cut down their expenses, while one or two put up their shutters and confessed themselves beaten. In this last unfortunate category was the ancient and respected firm of Fairbairn Brothers of Brisport.

Several causes had led up this disaster, though Don Diego's *début* as a cork-cutter had brought matters to a head. When a couple of generations back the original Fairbairn had founded the business, Brisport was a little fishing-town with no outlet or occupation for her superfluous population. Men were glad to have safe and continuous work upon any terms. All this

was altered now, for the town was expanding into the centre of a large district in the west, and the demand for labor and its remuneration had proportionately increased. Again, in the old days when carriage was ruinous and communication slow, the vintners of Exeter and of Barnstaple were glad to buy their corks from their neighbor of Brisport, but now the large London houses sent down their travellers who competed with each other to gain the local custom, until profits were cut down to the vanishing point. For a long time the firm had been in a precarious position, but this further drop in prices settled the matter and compelled Mr. Charles Fairbairn, the acting manager, to close his establishment.

It was a murky, foggy Saturday afternoon in November when the hands were paid for the last time, and the old building was to be finally abandoned. Mr. Fairbairn, an anxious-faced, sorrow-worn man, stood on a raised dais by the cashier while he handed the little pile of hardly earned shillings and coppers to each successive workman as the long procession filed past his table. It was usual with the employes to clatter away the instant that they had been paid, like so many children let out of school; but to-day they waited, forming little groups over the great dreary room, and discussing in subdued voices the misfortune which had come upon their employers and the future which awaited themselves. When the last pile of coins had been handed across the table and the last name checked by the cashier, the whole throng faced silently round to the man who had been their master, and waited expectantly for any words which he might have to say to them.

Mr. Charles Fairbairn had not expected this, and it embarrassed him. He had waited as a matter of routine duty until the wages were paid, but he was a taciturn, slow-witted man, and he had not foreseen this sudden call upon his oratorical powers. He stroked his thin cheek nervously with his long white fingers, and looked down with weak, watery eyes at the mosaic of upturned, serious faces.

"I am sorry that we have to part, my men," he said at last in a crackling voice. "It's a bad day for all of us, and for Brisport too. For three years we have been losing money over the works. We held on in the hope of a change coming, but matters are going from bad to worse. There's nothing for it but give it up before the balance of our fortune is swallowed up. I hope you may all be able to

get work of some sort before very long. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"God bless you, sir! God bless you!" cried a chorus of rough voices. "Three cheers for Mr. Charles Fairbairn!" shouted a bright-eyed, smart young fellow, springing up upon a bench and waved his peaked cap in the air. The crowd responded to the call, but their huzzas wanted the true ring which only a joyous heart can give. Then they began to flock out into the sunlight, looking back as they went at the long deal tables and the cork-strewn floor—above all at the sad-faced, solitary man whose cheeks were flecked with color at the rough cordiality of their farewell.

"Huxford," said the cashier, touching on the shoulder the young fellow who had led the cheering, "the governor wants to speak to you."

The workman turned back and stood swinging his cap awkwardly in front of his ex-employer, while the crowd pushed on until the doorway was clear, and the heavy fog-wreaths rolled unchecked into the deserted factory.

"Ah, John!" said Mr. Fairbairn, coming suddenly out of his reverie and taking up a letter from the table. "You have been in my service since you were a boy, and you have shown that you merited the trust which I have placed in you. From what I have heard I think I am right in saying that this sudden want of work will affect your plans more than it will many of my other hands."

"I was to be married at Shrovetide," the man answered, tracing a pattern upon the table with his horny forefinger. "I'll have to find work first."

"And work, my poor fellow, is by no means easy to find. You see you have been in this groove all your life, and are unfit for anything else. It's true you've been my foreman, but even that won't help you, for the factories all over England are discharging hands, and there's not a vacancy to be had. It's a bad outlook for you and such as you."

"What would you advise, then, sir?" asked John Huxford.

"That's what I was coming to. I have a letter here from Sheridan and Moore, of Montreal, asking for a good hand to take charge of a workroom. If you think it will suit you, you can go out by the next boat. The wages are far in excess of anything which I have been able to give you."

"Why, sir, this is real kind of you," the young workman said earnestly. "She

—my girl—Mary, will be as grateful to you as I am. I know what you say is right, and that if I had to look for work I should be likely to spend the little that I have laid by towards housekeeping before I found it. But, sir, with your leave I'd like to speak to her about it before I made up my mind. Could you leave it open for a few hours?"

"The mail goes out to-morrow," Mr. Fairbairn answered. "If you decide to accept you can write to-night. Here is their letter, which will give you their address."

John Huxford took the precious paper with a grateful heart. An hour ago his future had been all black, but now this rift of light had broken in the west, giving promise of better things. He would have liked to say something expressive of his feelings to his employer, but the English nature is not effusive, and he could not get beyond a few choking awkward words which were as awkwardly received by his benefactor. With a scrape and a bow, he turned on his heel, and plunged out into the foggy street.

So thick was the vapor that the houses over the way were only a vague loom, but the foreman hurried on with springy steps through side streets and winding lanes, past walls where the fishermen's nets were drying, and over cobble-stoned alleys redolent of herring, until he reached a modest line of whitewashed cottages fronting the sea. At the door of one of these the young man tapped, and then without waiting for a response, pressed down the latch and walked in.

An old silvery-haired woman and a young girl hardly out of her teens were sitting on either side of the fire, and the latter sprang to her feet as he entered.

"You've got some good news, John," she cried, putting her hands upon his shoulders, and looking into his eyes. "I can tell it from your step. Mr. Fairbairn is going to carry on, after all."

"No, dear, not so good as that," John Huxford answered, smoothing back her rich brown hair; "but I have an offer of a place in Canada, with good money, and if you think as I do, I shall go out to it, and you can follow with the granny whenever I have made all straight for you at the other side. What say you to that, my lass?"

"Why, surely, John, what you think is right must be for the best," said the girl quietly, with trust and confidence in her pale, plain face and loving hazel eyes.

"But poor granny, how is she to cross the seas?"

"Oh, never mind about me," the old woman broke in cheerfully. "I'll be no drag on you. If you want granny, granny's not too old to travel; and if you don't want her, why she can look after the cottage, and have an English home ready for you whenever you turn back to the old country."

"Of course we shall need you, granny," John Huxford said with a cheery laugh. "Fancy leaving granny behind! That would never do, Mary! But if you both come out, and if we are married all snug and proper at Montreal, we'll look through the whole city until we find a house something like this one, and we'll have creepers on the outside just the same, and when the doors are shut and we sit round the fire on the winter's nights, I'm hanged if we'll be able to tell that we're not at home. Besides, Mary, it's the same speech out there, and the same king, and the same flag: it's not like a foreign country."

"No, of course not," Mary answered with conviction. She was an orphan with no living relation save her old grandmother, and no thought in life but to make a helpful and worthy wife to the man she loved. Where those two were she could not fail to find happiness. If John went to Canada, then Canada became home to her, for what had Brisport to offer when he was gone?

"I'm to write to-night then and accept?" the young man asked. "I knew you would both be of the same mind as myself, but of course I couldn't close with the offer until we had talked it over. I can get started in a week or two, and then in a couple of months I'll have all ready for you on the other side."

"It will be a weary, weary time until we hear from you, dear John," said Mary, clasping his hand, "but it's God will and we must be patient. Here's pen and ink. You can sit at the table and write the letter which is to take the three of us across the Atlantic." Strange how Don Diego's thoughts were moulding human lives in the little Devon village.

The acceptance was duly despatched, and John Huxford began immediately to prepare for his departure, for the Montreal firm had intimated that the vacancy was a certainty, and that the chosen man might come out without delay to take over his duties. In a very few days his scanty outfit was completed, and he started off in a coasting-vessel for Liverpool where he

was to catch the passenger ship for Quebec.

"Remember, John," Mary whispered, as he pressed her to his heart upon the Brisport quay, "the cottage is our own, and come what may we have always that to fall back upon. If things should chance to turn out badly over there, we have always a roof to cover us. There you will find me until you send word to us to come."

"And that will be very soon, my lass," he answered cheerfully with a last embrace. "Good-bye, granny, good-bye." The ship was a mile and more from the land before he lost sight of the figures of the straight slim girl and her old companion, who stood watching and waving to him from the end of the grey stone quay. It was with a sinking heart and a vague feeling of impending disaster that he saw them at last as minute specks in the distance, walking toward and disappearing amid the crowd who lined the beach.

From Liverpool the old woman and her granddaughter received a letter from John announcing that he was just starting in the barque *St. Lawrence*, and six weeks afterwards a second longer epistle informed them of his safe arrival at Quebec, and gave them his first impressions of the country. After that a long unbroken silence set in. Week after week and month after month passed by, and never a word came from across the seas. A year went over their heads, and yet another, but no news of the absentee. Sheridan and Moore were written to, and replied that though John Huxford's letter had reached them, he had never presented himself, and they had been forced to fill up the vacancy as best they could. Still Mary and her grandmother hoped against hope, and looked out for the letter-carrier every morning with such eagerness that the kind-hearted man would often make a *détour* rather than pass the two pale anxious faces which peered at him from the cottage window. At last, three years after the young foreman's disappearance, old granny died, and Mary was left alone, a broken, sorrowful woman, living as best she might on a small annuity which had descended to her, and eating her heart out as she brooded over the mystery which hung over the fate of her lover.

Among the shrewd west-country neighbors there had long, however, ceased to be any mystery in the matter. Huxford arrived safely in Canada—so much was proved by his letter. Had he met with his end in any sudden way during the journey between Quebec and Montreal,

there must have been some official inquiry, and his luggage would have sufficed to establish his identity. Yet the Canadian police had been communicated with and had returned a positive answer that no inquest had been held, or any body found, which could by any possibility be that of the young Englishman. The only alternative appeared to be that he had taken the first opportunity to break all the old ties, and had slipped away to the backwoods or to the States to commence life anew under an altered name. Why he should do this no one professed to know, but that he had done it appeared only too probable from the facts. Hence many a deep growl of righteous anger rose from the brawny smacks-men when Mary with her pale face and sorrow-sunken head passed along the quays on her way to her daily marketing; and it is more than likely that if the missing man had turned up in Brisport he might have met with some rough words or rougher usage unless he could give some very good reason for his strange conduct. This popular view of the case never, however, occurred to the simple, trusting heart of the lonely girl, and as the years rolled by her grief and her suspense were never for an instant tinged with a doubt as to the good faith of the missing man. From youth she grew into middle age, and from that into the autumn of her life, patient, longsuffering, and faithful, doing good as far as lay in her power, and waiting humbly until fate should restore either in this world or the next that which it had so mysteriously deprived her of.

In the mean time neither the opinion held by the minority that John Huxford was dead, nor that of the majority, which pronounced him to be faithless, represented the true state of the case. Still alive, and of stainless honor, he had yet been singled out by fortune as her victim in one of those strange freaks which are of such rare occurrence and so beyond the general experience that they might be put by as incredible had we not the most trustworthy evidence of their occasional possibility.

Landing at Quebec, with his heart full of hope and courage, John selected a dingy room in a back street, where the terms were less exorbitant than elsewhere, and conveyed thither the two boxes which contained his worldly goods. After taking up his quarters there he had half a mind to change again, for the landlady and the fellow-lodgers were by no means to his

taste, but the Montreal coach started within a day or two, and he consoled himself by the thought that the discomfort would only last for that short time. Having written home to Mary to announce his safe arrival, he employed himself in seeing as much of the town as was possible, walking about all day, and only returning to his room at night.

It happened, however, that the house on which the unfortunate youth had pitched was one which was notorious for the character of its inmates. He had been directed to it by a pimp, who found regular employment in hanging about the docks and decoying new-comers to this den. The fellow's specious manner and proffered civility had led the simple-hearted west-countryman into the toils, and, though his instinct told him that he was in unsafe company, he refrained, unfortunately, from at once making his escape. He contented himself with staying out all day, and associating as little as possible with the other inmates. From the few words which he did let drop, however, the landlady gathered that he was a stranger without a single friend in the country to inquire after him should misfortune overtake him.

The house had an evil reputation for the houcussing of sailors, which was done not only for the purpose of plundering them, but also to supply outgoing ships with crews, the men being carried on board insensible, and not coming to until the ship was well down the St. Lawrence. This trade caused the wretches who followed it to be experts in the use of stupefying drugs, and they determined to practise their arts upon their friendless lodger, so as to have an opportunity of ransacking his effects, and of seeing what it might be worth their while to purloin. During the day he invariably locked his door and carried off the key in his pocket, but if they could render him insensible for the night they could examine his boxes at their leisure, and deny afterwards that he had ever brought with him the articles which he missed. It happened, therefore, upon the eve of Huxford's departure from Quebec, that he found, upon returning to his lodgings, that his landlady and her two ill-favored sons, who assisted her in her trade, were waiting up for him over a bowl of punch, which they cordially invited him to share. It was a bitterly cold night, and the fragrant steam overpowered any suspicions which the young Englishman may have entertained, so he drained off a bumper, and then, retiring to his bedroom, threw himself upon his bed without un-

dressing, and fell straight into a dreamless slumber, in which he still lay when the three conspirators crept into his chamber, and, having opened his boxes, began to investigate his effects.

It may have been that the speedy action of the drug caused its effect to be evanescent, or, perhaps, that the strong constitution of the victim threw it off with unusual rapidity. Whatever the cause, it is certain that John Huxford suddenly came to himself, and found the foul trio squatted round their booty, which they were dividing into the two categories of what was of value and should be taken, and what was valueless and might therefore be left. With a bound he sprang out of bed, and, seizing the fellow nearest him by the collar, he slung him through the open doorway. His brother rushed at him, but the young Devonshireman met him with such a facer that he dropped in a heap upon the ground. Unfortunately, the violence of the blow caused him to overbalance himself, and, tripping over his prostrate antagonist, he came down heavily upon his face. Before he could rise, the old hag sprang upon his back and clung to him, shrieking to her son to bring the poker. John managed to shake himself clear of them both, but before he could stand on his guard he was felled from behind by a crashing blow from an iron bar, which stretched him senseless upon the floor.

"You've hit too hard, Joe," said the old woman, looking down at the prostrate figure. "I heard the bone go."

"If I hadn't fetched him down he'd ha' been too many for us," said the young villain sulkily.

"Still you might ha' done it without killing him, clumsy," said his mother. She had had a large experience of such scenes, and knew the difference between a stunning blow and a fatal one.

"He's still breathing," the other said, examining him; "the back o' his head 's like a bag o' dice though. The skull 's all splintered. He can't last. What are we to do?"

"He'll never come to himself again," the other brother remarked. "Sarve him right. Look at my face! Let's see, mother; who's in the house?"

"Only four drunk sailors."

"They wouldn't turn out for any noise. It's all quiet in the street. Let's carry him down a bit, Joe, and leave him there. He can die there, and no one think the worse of us."

"Take all the papers out of his pocket,

then," the mother suggested; "they might help the police to trace him. His watch, too, and his money — three pound odd; better than nothing. Now carry him softly and don't slip."

Kicking off their shoes, the two brothers carried the dying man down stairs and along the deserted street for a couple of hundred yards. There they laid him among the snow, where he was found by the night patrol, who carried him on a shutter to the hospital. He was duly examined by the resident surgeon, who bound up the wounded head, but gave it as his opinion that the man could not possibly live for more than twelve hours.

Twelve hours passed, however, and yet another twelve, but John Huxford still struggled hard for his life. When at the end of three days he was found to be still breathing, the interest of the doctors became aroused at his extraordinary vitality, and they bled him, as the fashion was in those days, and surrounded his shattered head with ice-bags. It may have been on account of these measures; or it may have been in spite of them, but at the end of a week's deep trance the nurse in charge was astonished to hear a gabbling noise, and to find the stranger sitting up upon the couch and staring about him with wistful, wondering eyes. The surgeons were summoned to behold the phenomenon, and warmly congratulated each other upon the success of their treatment.

"You have been on the brink of the grave, my man," said one of them, pressing the bandaged head back on to the pillow; "you must not excite yourself. What is your name?"

No answer, save a wild stare.

"Where do you come from?"

Again no answer.

"He is mad," one suggested. "Or a foreigner," said another. "There were no papers on him when he came in. His linen is marked J. H. Let us try him in French and German."

They tested him with as many tongues as they could muster among them, but were compelled at last to give the matter over and to leave their silent patient, still staring up wild-eyed at the whitewashed hospital ceiling.

For many weeks John lay in the hospital, and for many weeks efforts were made to gain some clue as to his antecedents, but in vain. He showed as the time rolled by, not only by his demeanor but also by the intelligence with which he began to pick up fragments of sentences, like a clever child learning to talk, that

his mind was strong enough in the present, though it was a complete blank as to the past. The man's memory of his whole life before the fatal blow was entirely and absolutely erased. He neither knew his name, his language, his home, his business, nor anything else. The doctors held learned consultations upon him, and discoursed upon the centre of memory and depressed tables, deranged nerve-cells and cerebral congestions, but all their polysyllables began and ended at the fact that the man's memory was gone, and that it was beyond the power of science to restore it. During the weary months of his convalescence he picked up reading and writing, but with the return of his strength came no return of his former life. England, Devonshire, Brisport, Mary, granny — the words brought no recollection to his mind. All was absolute darkness. At last he was discharged, a friendless, tradeless, penniless man, without a past and with very little to look to in the future. His very name was altered, for it had been necessary to invent one. John Huxford had passed away, and John Hardy took his place among mankind. Here was a strange outcome of a Spanish gentleman's tobacco-inspired meditations.

John's case had aroused some discussion and curiosity in Quebec, so that he was not suffered to drift into utter helplessness upon emerging from the hospital. A Scotch manufacturer named McKinlay found him a post as porter in his establishment, and for a long time he worked at seven dollars a week at the loading and unloading of vans. In the course of years it was noticed, however, that his memory, however defective as to the past, was extremely reliable and accurate when concerned with anything which had occurred since his accident. From the factory he was promoted into the counting-house, and the year 1835 found him a junior clerk at a salary of 120*l.* a year. Steadily and surely John Hardy fought his way upward from post to post, with his whole heart and mind devoted to the business. In 1840 he was third clerk, in 1845 he was second, and in 1852 he became manager of the whole vast establishment, and second only to Mr. McKinlay himself.

There were few who grudged John this rapid advancement, for it was obviously due to neither chance nor favoritism, but entirely to his marvellous powers of application and industry. From early morning until late in the night he labored hard in the service of his employer, checking, overlooking, superintending, setting an

example to all of cheerful devotion to duty. As he rose from one post to another his salary increased, but it caused no alteration in his mode of living, save that it enabled him to be more open-handed to the poor. He signalized his promotion to the managership by a donation of 1,000*l.* to the hospital in which he had been treated a quarter of a century before. The remainder of his earnings he allowed to accumulate in the business, drawing a small sum quarterly for his sustenance, and still residing in the humble dwelling which he had occupied when he was a warehouse porter. In spite of his success he was a sad, silent, morose man, solitary in his habits, and possessed always of a vague, undefined yearning, a dull feeling of dissatisfaction and of craving which never abandoned him. Often he would strive with his poor, crippled brain to pierce the curtain which divided him from the past, and to solve the enigma of his youthful existence, but though he sat many a time by the fire until his head throbbed with his efforts, John Hardy could never recall the least glimpse of John Huxford's history.

On one occasion he had, in the interests of the firm, to journey to Quebec, and to visit the very cork-factory which had tempted him to leave England. Strolling through the work-room with the foreman, John automatically, and without knowing what he was doing, picked up a square piece of the bark, and fashioned it with two or three deft cuts of his penknife into a smooth, tapering cork. His companion picked it out of his hand and examined it with the eye of an expert. "This is not the first cork which you have cut by many a hundred, Mr. Hardy," he remarked. "Indeed you are wrong," John answered, smiling; "I never cut one before in my life." "Impossible!" cried the foreman. "Here's another bit of cork. Try again." John did his best to repeat the performance, but the brains of the manager interfered with the trained muscles of the cork-cutter. The latter had not forgotten their cunning, but they needed to be left to themselves, and not directed by a mind which knew nothing of the matter. Instead of the smooth, graceful shape, he could produce nothing but rough-hewn, clumsy cylinders. "It must have been chance," said the foreman, "but I could have sworn that it was the work of an old hand."

As the years passed John's smooth English skin had warped and crinkled until he was as brown and as seamed as a wal-

nut. His hair, too, after many years of iron-grey, had finally become as white as the winters of his adopted country. Yet he was a hale and upright old man, and when he at last retired from the managership of the firm with which he had been so long connected, he bore the weight of his seventy years lightly and bravely. He was in the peculiar position himself of not knowing his own age, as it was impossible for him to do more than guess at how old he was at the time of his accident.

The Franco-German war came round, and while the two great rivals were destroying each other, their more peaceful neighbors were quietly ousting them out of their markets and their commerce. Many English ports benefited by this condition of things, but none more than Brisport. It had long ceased to be a fishing-village, but was now a large and prosperous town, with a great breakwater in place of the quay on which Mary had stood, and a frontage of terraces and grand hotels where all the *grandses* of the west country came when they were in need of a change. All these extensions had made Brisport the centre of a busy trade, and her ships found their way into every harbor in the world. Hence it was no wonder, especially in that very busy year of 1870, that several Brisport vessels were lying in the river and alongside the wharves of Quebec.

One day John Hardy, who found time hang a little on his hands since his retirement from business, strolled along by the water's edge listening to the clanking of the steam-winchies, and watching the great barrels and cases as they were swung ashore and piled upon the wharf. He had observed the coming in of a great ocean steamer, and having waited until she was safely moored, he was turning away, when a few words fell upon his ear uttered by some one on board a little weather-beaten barque close by him. It was only some commonplace order that was bawled out, but the sound fell upon the old man's ears with a strange mixture of disuse and familiarity. He stood by the vessel and heard the seamen at their work, all speaking with the same broad, pleasant, jingling accent. Why did it send such a thrill through his nerves to listen to it? He sat down upon a coil of rope and pressed his hands to his temples, drinking in the long-forgotten dialect and trying to piece together in his mind the thousand half-formed nebulous recollections which were surging up in it. Then he rose, and walking along to the stern he read the name

of the ship, "The Sunlight, Brisport." Brisport! Again that flush and tingle through every nerve. Why was that word and the men's speech so familiar to him? He walked moodily home, and all night he lay tossing and sleepless, pursuing a shadowy something which was ever within his reach and yet which ever evaded him.

Early next morning he was up and down on the wharf listening to the talk of the west-country sailors. Every word they spoke seemed to him to revive his memory and bring him nearer to the light. From time to time they paused in their work, and seeing the white-haired stranger sitting so silently and attentively, they laughed at him and broke little jests upon him. And even these jests had a familiar sound to the exile, as they very well might, seeing that they were the same which he had heard in his youth, for no one ever makes a new joke in England. So he sat through the long day, bathing himself in the west-country speech and waiting for the light to break.

And it happened that when the sailors broke off for their midday meal, one of them, either out of curiosity or good-nature, came over to the old watcher and greeted him. So John asked him to be seated on a log by his side, and began to put many questions to him about the country from which he came, and the town. All which the man answered glibly enough, for there is nothing in the world that a sailor loves to talk of so much as of his native place, for it pleases him to show that he is no mere wanderer, but that he has a home to receive him whenever he shall choose to settle down to a quiet life. So the seaman prattled away about the Town Hall, and the Martello Tower, and the Esplanade, and Pitt Street and the High Street, until his companion suddenly shot out a long eager arm and caught him by the wrist. "Look here, man," he said in a low quick whisper. "Answer me truly, as you hope for mercy. Are not the streets that run out of the High Street, Fox Street, Caroline Street, and George Street, in the order named?" "They are," the sailor answered, shrinking away from the wild, flashing eyes. And at that moment John's memory came back to him, and he saw clear and distinct his life as it had been and as it should have been, with every minutest detail traced as in letters of fire. Too stricken to cry out, too stricken to weep, he could only hurry away homewards wildly and aimlessly; hurry as fast as his aged limbs would carry him, as if, poor soul! there

were some chance yet of catching up the fifty years which had gone by. Staggering and tremulous he hastened on until a film seemed to gather over his eyes, and throwing his arms into the air with a great cry, "Oh, Mary, Mary! Oh, my lost, lost life!" he fell senseless upon the pavement.

The storm of emotion which had passed through him, and the mental shock which he had undergone, would have sent many a man into a raging fever, but John was too strong-willed and too practical to allow his strength to be wasted at the very time when he needed it most. Within a few days he realized a portion of his property, and, starting for New York, caught the first mail steamer to England. Day and night, night and day, he trod the quarter-deck, until the hardy sailors watched the old man with astonishment, and marvelled how any human being could do so much upon so little sleep. It was only by this unceasing exercise, by wearing down his vitality until fatigue brought lethargy, that he could prevent himself from falling into a very frenzy of despair. He hardly dared ask himself what was the object of this wild journey. What did he expect? Would Mary be still alive? She must be a very old woman. If he could but see her and mingle his tears with hers he would be content. Let her only know that it had been no fault of his, and that they had both been victims to the same cruel fate. The cottage was her own, and she had said that she would wait for him there until she heard from him. Poor lass, she had never reckoned on such a wait as this.

At last the Irish lights were sighted and passed, Land's End lay like a blue fog upon the water, and the great steamer ploughed its way along the bold Cornish coast until it dropped its anchor in Plymouth Bay. John hurried to the railway station, and within a few hours he found himself back once more in his native town, which he had quitted a poor cork-cutter, half a century before.

But was it the same town? Were it not for the name engraved all over the station and on the hotels, John might have found a difficulty in believing it. The broad, well-paved streets, with the tram-lines laid down the centre, were very different from the narrow winding lanes which he could remember. The spot upon which the station had been built was now the very centre of the town, but in the old days it would have been far out in the fields. In every direction, lines of

luxurious villas branched away in streets and crescents bearing names which were new to the exile. Great warehouses, and long rows of shops with glittering fronts, showed him how enormously Brisport had increased in wealth as well as in dimensions. It was only when he came upon the old High Street that John began to feel at home. It was much altered but still it was recognizable, and some few of the buildings were just as he had left them. There was the place where Fairbairn's cork-works had been. It was now occupied by a great brand-new hotel. And there was the old grey town hall. The wanderer turned down beside it, and made his way with eager steps but a sinking heart in the direction of the line of cottages which he used to know so well.

It was not difficult for him to find where they had been. The sea at least was as of old, and from it he could tell where the cottages had stood. But alas, where were they now? In their place an imposing crescent of high stone houses reared their tall front to the beach. John walked wearily down past their palatial entrances, feeling heart-sore and despairing, when suddenly a thrill shot through him, followed by a warm glow of excitement and of hope, for, standing a little back from the line, and looking as much out of place as a bumpkin in a ball-room, was an old whitewashed cottage, with wooden porch and walls bright with creeping plants. He rubbed his eyes and stared again, but there it stood with its diamond-paned windows and white muslin curtains, the very same down to the smallest details, as it had been on the day when he last saw it. Brown hair had become white, and fishing-hamlets had changed into cities, but busy hands and a faithful heart had kept granny's cottage unchanged and ready for the wanderer.

And now, when he had reached his very haven of rest, John Huxford's mind became more filled with apprehension than ever, and he came over so deadly sick, that he had to sit down upon one of the beach-benches which faced the cottage. An old fisherman was perched at one end of it, smoking his black clay pipe, and he remarked upon the wan face and sad eyes of the stranger.

"You have overtired yourself," he said. "It doesn't do for old chaps like you and me to forget our years."

"I'm better now, thank you," John answered. "Can you tell me, friend, how that one cottage came among all those fine houses?"

"Why," said the old fellow, thumping his crutch energetically upon the ground, "that cottage belongs to the most obstinate woman in all England. That woman, if you'll believe me, has been offered the price of the cottage ten times over, and yet she won't part with it. They have even promised to remove it stone by stone, and put it up on some more convenient place, and pay her a good round sum into the bargain, but, God bless you! she wouldn't so much as hear of it."

"And why was that?" asked John.

"Well, that's just the funny part of it. It's all on account of a mistake. You see her spark went away when I was a youngster, and she's got it into her head that he may come back some day, and that he won't know where to go unless the cottage is there. Why, if the fellow were alive he would be as old as you, but I've no doubt he's dead long ago. She's well quit of him, for he must have been a scamp to abandon her as he did."

"Oh, he abandoned her, did he?"

"Yes—went off to the States and never so much as sent a word to bid her good-bye. It was a cruel shame, it was, for the girl has been a-waiting and a-pining for him ever since. It's my belief that it's fifty years' weeping that blinded her."

"She is blind!" cried John, half rising to his feet.

"Worse than that," said the fisherman. "She's mortal ill and not expected to live. Why, look ye, there's the doctor's carriage a-waiting at her door."

At this evil tidings old John sprang up and hurried over to the cottage, where he met the physician returning to his brougham.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Very bad, very bad," said the man of medicine, pompously. "If she continues to sink she will be in great danger; but if, on the other hand, she takes a turn it is possible that she may recover," with which oracular answer he drove away in a cloud of dust.

John Huxford was still hesitating at the doorway, not knowing how to announce himself, or how far a shock might be dangerous to the sufferer, when a gentleman in black came bustling up.

"Can you tell me, my man, if this is where the sick woman is?" he asked.

John nodded, and the clergyman passed in leaving the door half open. The wanderer waited until he had gone into the inner room and then slipped into the front

parlor, where he had spent so many happy hours. All was the same as ever, down to the smallest ornaments, for Mary had been in the habit whenever anything was broken of replacing it with a duplicate, so that there might be no change in the room. He stood irresolute, looking about him, until he heard a woman's voice from the inner chamber, and stealing to the door he peeped in.

The invalid was reclining upon a couch, propped up with pillows, and her face was turned full towards John as he looked round the door. He could have cried out as his eyes rested upon it, for there were Mary's pale, plain, sweet, homely features as smooth and as unchanged as though she were still the half child, half woman, whom he had pressed to his heart on the Brisport quay. Her calm, eventless, unselfish life had left none of those rude traces upon her countenance which are the outward emblems of internal conflict and an unquiet soul. A chaste melancholy had refined and softened her expression, and her loss of sight had been compensated for by that placidity which comes upon the faces of the blind. With her silvery hair peeping out beneath her snow-white cap, and a bright smile upon her sympathetic face, she was the old Mary improved and developed, with something ethereal and angelic superadded.

"You will keep a tenant in the cottage," she was saying to the clergyman, who sat with his back turned to the observer. "Choose some poor deserving folk in the parish who will be glad of a home free. And when he comes you will tell him that I have waited for him until I have been forced to go on, but that he will find me on the other side still faithful and true. There's a little money too—only a few pounds—but I should like him to have it when he comes, for he may need it, and then you will tell the folk you put in to be kind to him, for he will be grieved, poor lad, and to tell him that I was cheerful and happy up to the end. Don't let him know that I ever fretted, or he may fret too."

Now John listened quietly to all this from behind the door, and more than once he had to put his hand to his throat, but when she had finished, and when he thought of her long, blameless, innocent life, and saw the dear face looking straight at him and yet unable to see him, it became too much for his manhood, and he burst out into an irrepressible choking sob which shook his very frame. And then occurred a strange thing, for though

he had spoken no word, the old woman stretched out her arms to him, and cried, "Oh, Johnny, Johnny! Oh dear, dear Johnny, you have come back to me again," and before the parson could at all understand what had happened, those two faithful lovers were in each other's arms, weeping over each other and patting each other's silvery heads, with their hearts so full of joy that it almost compensated for all that weary fifty years of waiting.

It is hard to say how long they rejoiced together. It seemed a very short time to them and a very long one to the reverend gentleman, who was thinking at last of stealing away, when Mary recollected his presence and the courtesy which was due to him. "My heart is full of joy, sir," she said; "it is God's will that I should not see my Johnny, but I can call his image up as clear as if I had my eyes. Now stand up, John, and I will let the gentleman see how well I remember you. He is as tall, sir, as the second shelf, as straight as an arrow, his face brown, and his eyes bright and clear. His hair is well-nigh black and his moustache the same—I shouldn't wonder if he had whiskers as well by this time. Now, sir, don't you think I can do without my sight?" The clergyman listened to her description, and looking at the battered, white-haired man before him, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

But it all proved to be a laughing matter in the end, for, whether it was that her illness had taken some natural turn, or that John's return had startled it away, it is certain that from that day Mary steadily improved until she was as well as ever. "No special license for me," John had said sturdily. "It looks as if we were ashamed of what we are doing, as though we hadn't the best right to be married of any two folk in the parish." So the banns were put up accordingly, and three times it was announced that John Huxford, bachelor, was going to be united to Mary Merton, spinster, after which, no one objecting, they were duly married accordingly. "We may not have very long in this world," said old John, "but at least we shall start fair and square in the next."

John's share in the Quebec business was sold out, and gave rise to a very interesting legal question as to whether, knowing that his name was Huxford, he could still sign that of Hardy, as was necessary for the completion of the business. It was decided, however, that on his producing two trustworthy witnesses to his identity all would be right, so the

property was duly realized and produced a very handsome fortune. Part of this John devoted to building a pretty villa just outside Brisport, and the heart of the proprietor of Beach Terrace leaped within him when he learned that the cottage was at last to be abandoned, and that it would no longer break the symmetry and impair the effect of his row of aristocratic mansions.

And there in their snug new home, sitting out on the lawn in the summer-time, and on either side of the fire in the winter, that worthy old couple continued for many years to live as innocently and as happily as two children. Those who knew them well say that there was never a shadow between them, and that the love which burned in their aged hearts was as high and as holy as that of any young couple who ever went to the altar. And through all the country round, if ever man or woman were in distress and fighting against hard times, they had only to go up to the villa to receive help, and that sympathy which is more precious than help. So when at last John and Mary fell asleep in their ripe old age, within a few hours of each other, they had all the poor and the needy and the friendless of the parish among their mourners, and in talking over the troubles which these two had faced so bravely, they learned that their own miseries also were but passing things, and that faith and truth can never miscarry, either in this existence or the next.

From The National Review.

ELIZABETH: QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

I.

IN the opening lines of her collection of poems, "Meine Ruh'," Carmen Sylva describes to us whence she derived her euphonious self-chosen title — Carmen, the song which gave her happiness and ease, and Sylva, the wood in which, amongst the birds, she had learnt to sing; and, furthermore, informs us the "contents of the volume are her readers'; the legends, the thoughts, the feelings are not her own, but the world's." In her diary, also, we find an extract that she wished so to write that "each one might feel he had written it himself." We are to forget her personality in her works, but if we do this, in accordance with her wishes, either indolently or coercively, from matter laid before us, yet are we tempted, after the enjoyment of perusal, to seek a more inti-

mate acquaintance with, and better knowledge of, the great harmonious songstress of the German woods. We look back for perhaps twenty years, and travel along the western woods of the Black Forest, till we come to the height towering about the flowing Rhine, on which stands the Castle of Monrepos, the summer residence of the Prince and Princess of Wied. Here we look for our young Princess Elizabeth, and find her — truant from the castle, from all court, all form, wandering into the distant forest, alone, but for her three St. Bernards, seeking for inspiration, or rather to find words for thought, in earth and air and sky. And not only in summer-time was this her custom, but in dull, drear autumn, when the leaves were falling, or lay crackling under foot, and when the wind was sighing and screaming sadly through the branches. That was her pleasure, and from it came her song. Years after, she said her writings were all of sadness, and she knew not whether her nature was attuned to it, or whether it was that sorrow only was worth the telling. It seems as if it were her own far-seeing, deep, searching nature, aided by all mere circumstance in that duty-encircled life.

The sighing of the wind — of nature and of life — is the only accompaniment we hear of to all those youthful days. In the castle there dwelt only the princess-mother (Maria of Nassau who in 1842 married Prince Hermann of Wied) attending day and night to Princess Elizabeth's invalided brother, young Prince Otto; and Prince Hermann her father, occupied with metaphysical investigations. Her elder brother, Prince Wilhelm, was away at Basle. She worked and dreamed here, and, except for her parents' sympathy, quite alone. There was no outlet for her impulses of activity, only the steady mental work which bore such rich fruit in after years.

One little incident of her childhood marks her disposition; her great wish was to join the village school, and one day she was found, having been missed for many hours, hard at work in a class of peasant children. Her determination to gratify this impetuous whim, shows the desire for organized work, for working with others, and for leading them. The first important event in her life was the ceremony of confirmation in the summer of 1860. All through the winter she was preparing for it; and that it was not mere searching of the Scriptures, but a searching of the human soul, her diary tells us in the September of that year. "Only

fathomless thought gives insight; only pure contemplation gives knowledge." Searching without, she found a limit; searching within, she found a path that had no end. What showed her life, showed her also life's occupation, and the work she had always craved appeared to her more distinct and more imperative.

After this, to arouse her from her habitual sadness and to have a change from a house of illness, which her home had become, Princess Elizabeth went at the age of eighteen to Berlin to pass a winter there with Queen Augusta. There she spent much time with the Princess of Hohenzollern, and first met Prince Charles, who afterwards became her husband. On her return came more sorrow to her home; the death, after a painful illness, of her little brother Prince Otto. Her grief at his loss was very great, and it was not until fourteen years after that she was sufficiently composed, when reviewing it, to commence her biographical work "Das Leben meines Bruders Otto Nikolaus zu Wied." For suffering she had always declared work was the only relief, and she sought for it at Neuwied. She started a school containing three pupils, a lame boy, and the two daughters of a friend, in which she taught daily for three hours. Besides this she resumed her musical studies, which, as well as novel-reading, had been a forbidden pleasure in earlier days, as being too exciting for her ardent imagination. The first novels she read were, at the age of nineteen years, those of "Ivanhoe" and Freytag's "Soll und Haben." The winter of 1862-1863 Princess Elizabeth, with the Prince and Princess of Wied, spent at Baden-Baden, where marriage treaties were entertained and thought of. But Elizabeth wished none; in a little poem dated 23rd December, 1862, she says, "Only deep love brings joy and happiness," and that deep love she had not yet felt. Also the German love of home was deep-rooted in her heart. In a letter to her mother in August, 1867, from Karlsbad, she says if she should ever think of marriage, it could only be where she would have a sure home in the midst of her own possessions; she could not bear a wandering life with no fixed abode. Perhaps the deep love she spoke of was such as the tranquillity of a lake — safe, still, and secure.

A year after her brother's death — the winter of 1863 — Princess Elizabeth passed at St. Petersburg, under the care of the grand duchess Hélène of Russia, a near relative of her mother, being sister

of the duchess Pauline of Nassau. The society there proved by no means acceptable to the princess. The rush of thought was stopped and constrained by the press of small outward events. The gaiety and dissipation were not congenial to her; she longed for the quiet necessary for mental and intellectual enjoyment. Her chief pleasure seems to have been that of music, which she studied under Rubinstein, and afterwards with Clara Schumann. The climate of St. Petersburg had also an ill effect on her, and she lost her health, and suffered physically for many months. During this weary period, her relief was principally the perusal of her father's "Unbeweissten Geistesleben." She writes in January, 1864, how she enjoys the quiet days of convalescence. "Ninety pages of philosophy," she says, "have I read, and been so rested, every one wonders at the improvement in my appearance. It is only necessary to bring in two or three court ladies to tell me of their noise and turmoil to make me fall down all crumpled, like a withered leaf." Then came the trouble of her father's death, and shortly after, the loss of her grandmother, Princess Louisa of Wied. The latter had aided her much in her musical studies, even in the formation of a choral society at Neuwied. Shadows seemed to have darkened across her path at this time; the loss of her best friends, uncongenial society, and her own ill health. Then came Clara Schumann, a friend as well as teacher. Her very presence seems to have brought a hush and peace over the *fourge* Elizabeth; she says how she looked "into her sad, beautiful eyes and thought how she had suffered, and of the courage with which she must have fought through life." Then follows the reflection: "How beautiful it is to be old; to have a great hush over one, and to feel a great rest! It is what I often crave, but I feel it can only be reached through much strife and labor." She longed for relief from the world that appeared to her so wearying although so small, but she wished to earn her right to it, through arduous toil.

After the eventful winter at St. Petersburg, they moved to Moscow for the Lenten time. The weeks spent there were full of pleasure for the Princess Elizabeth; she was delighted with this "city of churches," and with the numerous small buildings, of which many were but twelve feet square, allotted to the Greek worship. Here she learnt much, and studied the rites and ceremonies of a form of

worship somewhat antagonistic to her own. But perhaps it was more acceptable to her from an idea adopted from the so-called pagans across the mountains, that of the multiplicity of contemplative cells. She had drifted from her country, though still so "native" that in St. Petersburg she was called "la petite Allemagne," where the religion was to *speak*, and wandered nearer to a people whose religion was to *think*. It may have been, perhaps, here that the innate idea found good soil and sustenance, and her contemplative spirit flourished, so that in later years, though it may surprise us, it was quite natural to her to write "Nirvana" across her portrait as a queen, when sending it to her host and friend, Professor Max Müller at Oxford. There was much to charm her at Moscow; the churches and their treasures, the coronation jewels, "le saint crème," the buildings with their colored roofs, and, above all, the beautiful old palace gardens which reminded her of Monrepos. She gazed back on it all with a sigh of regret, when leaving for St. Petersburg again, and murmured, "Those were happy days!"

After St. Petersburg Princess Elizabeth returned to Monrepos, and her next important journey was made south, into Italy. Before starting she was a short time at Ragaz with the grand duchess Hélène, where she met General von Moltke, and heard his prophetic words of Prince Karl of Hohenzollern, "That young prince will take his part in life, and be much spoken of." While staying there, her cousin, Katherine of Oldenburg, died at Venice, and her aunt, Princess Therese, begged that her niece, Princess Elizabeth, might accompany her to Rome. The journey was not happily begun; in the rush of hotel life her great, rich mind, crowded with thoughts and plans, had no peace to grow and be; her own life was narrowed and the life of others made her sad. It is misery to a great worker to look on inactive, hampered, and constrained, at the motion and important passage of small, trivial things. She writes to her mother from there. "Here I can, *à mon aise*, pursue melancholy." But to this melancholy, how much we owe! By the pursuit and pursuing of these many thoughts how much enriched are we! They passed on to Naples, where they took a villa at Pausalippa, and there she again got to regular occupation, and writes:—

I have work, much work, for those who seek it find it. The incomparable beauties of scenery, and the gentle climate, give me new

strength for it. I am now giving my cousin, Therese of Oldenburg, lessons in German, English, and arithmetic. My aim is so good and earnest, it must bring many blessings. I can no longer be melancholy when I am in the treadmill of hard work.

Her poetical work at this time was abundant, and most of it earnest and religious; but sometimes her young spirits asserted themselves, and merry, gay songs streamed from her pen. Nature impressed her deeply. She writes to her mother:—

Naples, Villa Santa Brigitta,
19th January, 1867.

We arrived here yesterday. For some days the Sirocco has raged, and the sea foams in wild waves. The sea-gulls fly between the jets of spray hither and thither, and the force of a hurricane makes the house shake. The clouds hang low, and veil Vesuvius. Wind and rain rush through the fastened windows and hold a dreary concert. The sea is green and gray, and the white froth on the waves glitters like phosphorus. It is a wild world and a wild uproar that surrounds us. To me it is very good. I like to go out into the storm and stroll where I will, singing a free song to the waves that no one hears, no one surprises, and remains entirely my own although it is sung so loud. Then I come home as softly as a lamb, and hear the storm no more. And now are the clouds drawn up, and a red light shines gently and peacefully over the foam and the breakers. It spreads wider and wider from the horizon to our feet, brightly appeasing and bringing friendly thoughts through the storm even into my heart. When it also learns to be still, then shall it also rule the storm; and in its uttermost depth it will be quiet too. And behind all remains the anchor of my quiet home which holds me. The harbor which takes me if my sail is torn . . . and men belong to Nature, are its greatest and most excellent produce; therefore should we love and trust them, even when they are wild and turbulent.

20th January.

When we awakened this morning, the sun shone on a mirror-faced sea! Doors and windows are wide open; summer air streams into the room and into one's heart, giving happy feelings and joyful thoughts. All my vitality and strength are renewed. . . . If I raise my eyes, the dark blue Vesuvius stands before me, with its head veiled in a cloud. To the left I look down on the town, glittering in the sun, with its crowd of moving people. To the right stretches out the sea, with its sharp outline of the island of Capri. For the first time Naples appears to me charmingly beautiful; for the first time I lose myself in the majesty of Nature. It brings a peace into my heart I have not felt for a long time. It is as if I could raise myself lightly in the air, as if I had a hundred wings to draw me towards the sun as if balm were poured into my heart,

which expands and lives and breathes. It is worth the effort of combating with the storm to obtain such a holy peace. How softly the sea ripples, as if it feared to break the stillness. Everything says to me, "Peace! Peace!" It is too beautiful for exclamation—the joy is too deep; it is like a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, a dream which will not end, so golden is it.

In another room the child moves about humming a song. This beautiful day has also worked well on her, for the clouds which were on her brow have disappeared. I might write nothing more than the continual refrain, "Peace is here." A fly buzzes at my window, dreaming it is hot summer. In the distance a bird is warbling. I let all nature work on me, and am cradled and soothed like a spoiled child. Do not fear that I shall dream and become impotent. I dream only with thee. The moment I lay down my pen comes sober reality with a thousand claims, all of which must be considered. I dare not dream long, therefore grant me these few moments to-day. Like the waves, I draw back only to burst forward. I gain strength from the work which I take on myself. Not for a moment do I forget that I must give the first hours in the morning to the petted child. I am even already prepared for it. I have satisfied myself that if from other teachers she may learn more, yet can I in these lessons exert an influence on her character that will be of more use than much learning. . . . I teach her what you have taught me, "Men have love, without sympathy."

If I do not marry, I must consider my life and the exact work suited to me. It has long been in my heart and mind that my life must be not only serious, but have a clearly defined and definite object. It is my fixed determination to be something. If at times this appears to me an assumption and exaggeration, at others it appears quite differently. "Thy calling is what calls thee," is the only sentence I remember in Brentano's tales, and to me my call or vocation seems "teacher." I will wait patiently, and after long and deep consideration I shall surely know if I have heard rightly or if I have been mistaken.

The desire of teaching, which is also a power of ruling, seemed inborn in the princess Elizabeth. On the 5th of April she writes again to her mother:—

Many times it occurs to me I am getting old, but it does not cause me vexation; quite the contrary. I would like to be still much older if I had with the duties also the privileges of the old maid. It often seems to me latterly as if a veil had fallen from my eyes. The happiness appears to me so enormous, to give away one's time and strength where they are most required. Of the horrible word "old maid" I have not the least dread. I share it with so many, to whom I have often envied their great and steady work. Work I

will and must have, and then all can say of me, "That is a happy girl."

These months at Naples seem to have been in the first fruitful and ripe development year of Carmen Sylva's life.

In August, 1867, the grand duchess Hélène took her niece Elizabeth to Karlsbad. There she met many artists and singers whose society was most agreeable to her; also Editha von Rahden, whose friendship she greatly prized, and of whom she wrote, "What happiness it is to be drawn into friendship with a learned woman!" In the same circle were Walujeff, Tolstov, Rowher, Piloty, Count Keyserlingk, curator of the University of Dorpat and the privy councillor of Bavaria, of whom "his finely strung, sensitive mind inspires me with thoughts I could not tell." From Karlsbad they went to Paris, and here again she was impressed with melancholy as at St. Petersburg. She writes from thence:—

I often think how in old age one can do well without occupation. One can sit in a chair and think—and think quite peacefully and regretlessly. One can smile in a friendly way to the dead, and to the living speak of the worthiness of the departed. I think that is very nice. I should not like to exchange for it yet, but will first take life with all that it brings, and will be diligent and work. But all through I shall delight myself with the prospect of a peaceful old age.

From Paris to Ragaz, where the princess was occupied with steady writing; from Ragaz, 20th September:—

All this winter I remain at home, and my hands are full of work. As soon as I have finished my translation of Carlyle, I have a new plan. Frau Arnemann wishes me to write a book for children; but I cannot invent anything clever. I can only write what I have thought and felt.

In the following summer (1868) Princess Elizabeth went with her mother, the Princess of Wied, to Sweden. Her imagination was much excited in what she called the "land of poetry," and by the beautiful legends attached to every stone. She soon learnt the Swedish language, and read Tegnér's "Frithjofsage" in the original. In the autumn of the same year she spent three weeks at Heidelberg. Of this visit she writes years later from Bucharest in the month of May:—

How beautiful it must be now in Heidelberg! Blossoms and fragrance and warbling from the young birds' throats. I yearn for Heidelberg. I have spent three of the happiest weeks in my life there with my aunt,

and surrounded by so many intellectual men. One lived in a storm of brain-lightning, — Kirchhoff, Friedrich, Bluntschli, Treitschke, Gervinus, Helmholtz, in one room! Then Joachim, with his heavenly bow, and Frau Joachim, with her voice like a rushing hill-stream. It was an evening for gods! Then the walks with Frau von Rahden, and the dreaming among the ruins! How they seemed filled with living moving beings, and festively adorned and beautiful women! That was also a dream for gods! Often were we drenched with rain; but the rain in Heidelberg is like the dew on the flowers. You should read the *Trompeter* with each other, and the passage in it "Frau Avantir" and "Gaudeamus." One must not be presumptuously studious, one must be reckless and rollicking to get the proper Heidelberg spirit; then is it the most charmed spot, the most enchanting fairy-land that a tired traveller could desire. One breathes so easily in the warm, moist air!

In her diary, 2nd January, 1869, we read: —

I look back thankfully on the past good year. No wish have I for the coming, but that my work should be blessed. Nine years ago I wrote the first word in this book. My youth have I laid down in it, many times in gladness, many times in gaiety, and many times in sorrow and despair. I have had a wealthy springtime, rich in love and sunshine and in earnest labor. A blight has never fallen on my heart; therefore I am young and strong, and look forward joyfully to the mid-day of my life. If only the good God will preserve to me the power of poetic writing, I will treasure it as a blessed thing. I will do nothing else, lest I should become too proud. I only pray that it may be mine and remain with me, and pray also for continued youth, which is necessary that one may pour out one's heart in poetry. Farewell to that beautiful year, and let the new one dawn gladly into my room and heart.

"To be all or nothing," that shall be my motto.

We see here the princess Elizabeth's earnest spirit, which soon declared itself more fully. She must have work, daily work, and her own special vocation. The latter she felt was *teaching*. She had intended to devote her energy to the formation of a school, which she would entirely direct and control, and which would give her free scope for the exercise of her ability. But events turned differently. Prince Karl of Hohenzollern, her almost "playmate" of eight years before, now appeared again on the scene. Through her correspondence with his sister, Princess Marie, he had learnt to know her wondrous complex nature, and felt that she alone could assist him in his difficult and dangerous post as a ruler of Roumania.

He sued the Princess of Wied for a meeting with her daughter, that he might come under her notice unexpectedly, and, after some little consideration, it was so arranged. The princess Elizabeth was most anxious to be in Cologne in October, to be present at a concert which was to be given by Stockhausen and Clara Schumann, and there the prince was to meet them. The meeting took place one afternoon in the garden, quite as a surprise to Elizabeth, who held out both her hands, exclaiming, "How glad I am that we should happen to meet here." It was a happy break in her great working life, to find a companion so suited to her, and with so much sympathy in the thoughts and aims that were shared between them. Her admiration was extreme for the character of this Prince Charles, whom she compared to William the Silent, and of whom she said, "Future generations will call him *den Weisen*." Therefore when the purport of his visit was explained to her, and she was asked if he might come and speak to her, she exclaimed: "Oh, if he only comes, I know I shall love him very much." She had loved him without knowing it, and only when the idea was presented to her did it assume a tangible form. The prince returned to Paris that night, and we find in her diary, 12th October, "I am beloved and a happy bride." Even the gifted princess was fortunate in a free-will choice.

Events marched quickly, and her future, which was now changed, was entered on, and the new life begun on the 18th of November, 1869. In former days, when Elizabeth's friends had told her jestingly they wished to see her on a throne, she had replied lightly: "The only throne that could attract me is the Roumanian, for there there is still something for me to do." And all these duties, which had but glimmered on the horizon, now shone down on the full working day. She went towards them with hope and trust and strength, though not without deep regret and sorrow did she leave her dearly loved home by the Rhine. We find some verses written on her parting from it: "*Widmung an die Heimath*," in her volume of "*Roumanian Poems*."

II.

On the 25th of November the prince and princess made their entry into Bucharest. Prince Karl's first coming, three years before, had been in disguise, and in the midst of warfare between Prussia and Austria. His first recognition had been at Tourna Severin, the bordering town of

Roumania, and there he built a church as a thank-offering for the great reception accorded to him when almost unknown. To-day all was changed; all along the route they were received with acclamation and applause, which reached its climax at their capital of Bucharest. Along the streets, gaily decked with flags, banners, and triumphal arches, flocked the people, picturesquely attired in their national garb. Cannons thundered the royal salutes, and bands with music echoed through the town; guards of honor added to the brilliancy of the scene, in the midst of which Princess Elizabeth made, as she hoped, "an entry into the land and into the hearts of the people." The sun shone down on her, and on her newly adopted Eastern land; with an artist's eye she looked around on it. From the hill on which stood the station-house, Bucharest lay before her and at both sides stretched out the wave-forming valleys of the Dimbovitza; she looked down on the town and its sea of many-colored houses. Between the tree-tops glittered like silver the lead-covered domes of three hundred and sixty churches. In the midst, on a raised ground, stood the whitewashed houses of the capital. On this day the flags from many towers lent their colors to the ordinary glow. Out of green, well-tended gardens rose the palaces of the *bojaren* (nobles), with leaden roofs and galleries, and ornamented with archways, open stairways, and small statues, all in a confused mixture of Byzantine style and Turkish form. House after house stretched away in a blue mist, and the dark chain of the Carpathians formed a distant background topped by the snow-covered peak of Bucegi. Princess Elizabeth gazed enthusiastically, and exclaimed she "lost herself in delight over this intensely beautiful scene."

The new *Herrscherin* of Roumania lost little time in finding that work which was the root of her nature, and which she had come to seek. Her days were soon occupied. State audiences at first wearied her, but she soon took an actual interest in them, as part of her daily life. She writes:—

It was at first disagreeable to me; I could not feign an interest that I did not feel. But now I see all men need sympathy. Now all men interest me, and I find they are all interesting; the audiences no longer weary me. I am delighted at the opportunity they afford. The smallest thing one can do, one must do well, that it may succeed; the smallest thing one can be one must be thoroughly if one would be anything.

She learnt the Roumanian language, in which her knowledge of Latin and Italian much assisted her, and her people were delighted that she spoke it better, that is in more poetic phrases, than themselves. Carmen Sylva's ruling proclivities had soon full scope; she found a dearth of schoolbooks and children's books, and gave occupation to many young men and women in the translation of her own French books, which were afterwards revised and corrected by the poet Alexandri. She also encouraged musical and theatrical ambition, and started societies for translation, for instruction, etc., that youthful energy might have another outlet than in revolutionary politics. Here also did her intellectual activity progress. At first no one had the slightest suspicion of her poetical gift, but on meeting Alexandri at Bucharest, she whispered to him, "I have a confession to make to you, if I could find courage." And after some hesitation murmured, "I also write poetry." He read her poems and gave her much assistance. With him she studied metre, and the art of poetry, to which she had never before given any attention. She also translated some of Alexandri's Roumanian MSS. into German.

In September, 1870, the little "daughter of the people," Princess Marie, was born: the *Sonnenkind* we read of in Carmen Sylva's legends. Born on Roumanian soil, she became, for the few short years of her life, the idol of the people. In the oppressive summer-time, partly on her account, they left the city for the free air of woods and mountains. The yearly fever epidemic was already raging when they left for their summer residence by the Carpathians.

In the valley of Prahova, on a mountain of rock two thousand nine hundred feet high, stood the monastery of Sinaia. A Wallachian pilgrim had built and called this house of God after the mountain Sinai. It served as an inn and resting-place for the oxen drawn caravans, which travelled day and night through the mountain passes to Siebenbürger. Behind the monastery was the curiously outlined form of the Carpathians. Carmen Sylva's poetical words have given them a poetical signification. There is first the Virful cu Dor (*Schnouchgipfel*), then Furnica, Piatra Arsa, and the two Jipi, which like two gigantic teeth cleave the air. Between them rushes the waterfall, the Urlatoare (*die Heulende*), to the valley and rages in its course to the Prahova; then the Omal, the Caraiman (8,090) with its mighty rocks.

distance visited the little grave by the church of Doamna Elizabeth to see that the lamp was burning, and to lay a flower there.

"In work, in great abundant work, must lie the consolation of sorrow," so says Carmen Sylva, in her "*Leidens Erdengang*," and upon it she now acted. Her intellectual activity increased, and some of her most beautiful poems were written at this time. More societies were formed, more help and encouragement given to the people in every branch of industry and art. Painting-schools were started under the direction of Mme. Pinel, a pupil of Horace Vernet, in which the princess took lessons to set example; for the same reason she also attended the Choral Society, and joined in the singing. Her days were fully occupied; at five in the morning she rose and lighted her little lamp, for painting and other artistic work until eight, and after an early breakfast with the prince was the audience-room thrown open, and except for a momentary pause not closed for nine or ten hours. An hour in the day the princess devoted to the court ladies, to their private needs and interests; and another hour to those who had married and left her household. All were attended to, and to every one sympathy and assistance given. On Thursday evenings they had music, all native and foreign talent was encouraged and given opportunities. Another evening in the week they had readings of either a scientific French book, or a modern Roumanian poet. She writes to her mother:—

I have begun something very pleasant; twice in the week Vacarescu reads to us the old Roumanian chronicles. He is as skilled as a professor, and has excellent delivery. Think of me in my "ideal" little room with my lamp *à abat-jours*, and later with the fountains playing, and the pretty girls moving to and fro among the trees and foliage, busy with their needlework, while I have my pen in my hand to note every new idea. The great past is stretched before us in scriptural simplicity, or in classic Latin. It is precious. I hope to find material for poetical treatment. I have also started a school for painting. In future much shall be sung, and much shall be read. Everything that comes near me I put in motion. Nothing and no one can stand still.

The Asyle Héliène, corresponding somewhat to our English high school, was what perhaps received her particular care. Four hundred and sixty girls, between the ages of five and twenty years, studied there; and many of them only left to start as teachers elsewhere, earning three hun-

dred francs a month. For some time the princess only took interest and gave encouragement, leaving actual direction, as she said, "to those who understood better," but latterly, since taking her professorship, she has attended there as lecturer upon literature.

Numerous societies were started for the assistance of the poorer classes and peasantry; the Société Elizabeth distributed thirty thousand francs' worth of timber to the poor yearly. About one hundred ladies belonged to it, who, to raise necessary funds, gave two or three balls in winter at the opera-house, at which each wore the national costume and increased the trade for embroidery. An art needlework school was also set in motion, in which about seventy girls worked at the national costume and embroidery for the Church vestments. The Albina society gave work to the poorer women, such as hemming and stitching; it began with six women and now numbers a thousand, one hundred and thirty of whom possess sewing-machines. The Concordia encouraged the national industry of weaving; a weaving-school was started, and the looms in disuse for many years were again put in motion. The princess wrote to the ministry to beg them to guarantee funds for its continuance. That could only be done by the needs of the army, the hospital, and the prisons being supplied by native industry. At first only forty looms were available; but when two hundred thousand francs were voted by the exchequer, a new industrial school was built near the Park Cotroceni. Beside it was built a silk-manufactory. Later on the princess had also her society of Charitable Sisters to attend the sick and poor; she began it with two sisters who learnt nursing at Berlin, and in 1884 they numbered twenty. They are constantly at work, earning five francs a day, and hope soon, from what they can earn and also from what is voted for them, to build a hospital and small house as home for sick and aged sisters. Numerous other good institutions were started and directed by the Princess Elizabeth.

Her own health suffered often from the climate of Bucharest and from over-work; and many times she was sent by her physicians into Germany and Italy for rest and change. In 1874 was planned a journey to England, and her mother, the Princess of Wied, met them at Cologne, and spent some weeks with them at St. Leonards. On her return the Princess Elizabeth tarried at Franzenbad, and writes:—

It is good for the soul to be filled with great impressions. One comes back so much the richer. I was enraptured like a child with England. How pleased I was to sit on the strand and listen to the waves! To see London was a most alluring thought. . . . How refreshing it is to lose oneself in its immensity! Until we went to Oxford we had never seen Max Müller, although we had often written and corresponded with him. He met us at the station, and invited us to his house. The two days I spent in his peaceful household and charmed circle, which had then no rent, worked like balm on me. It was a happiness the most unhappy could not withstand, for it hushed the storm of being and gave new life. It was the happiness of Philosophy. We also met John Stanley. I had at that time finished a little book for my mother, called "Meine Reise durch die Welt" (My Travels through the World). Kingsley was present when I gave it to my mother. I showed him one little poem, "Nur Eines." Tears came into his bright blue eyes, and a sob burst from him. My mother wept with joy and pain. I only was tearless. The book contained poems from my confirmation to my thirtieth year, of which my mother knew scarcely one.

In the winter we find her at Bucharest, engaged with painting.

23rd Nov. Art is a many-sided prayer; it rises from storm and pain in one soul, to bring peace and rest into another.

7th Jan., 1875. I do not translate much now because I write so much. The moment I take my pen in my hand my own thoughts stream forth, and it is difficult for me to sing others. Creation is the most beautiful, translation the most useful work. I am always inspired by what I read. So Bernstein's "Thoughts," especially the description of the Atlantic Cable, have made me write sea songs. Paul Heyse's ballads have filled me with five-verse strophes, which are so good.

In the August of that year, the foundation-stone of the Castle Pelsch, near Sinaia, was laid, and as usual, a poem written on it. Afterwards Carmen Sylva wrote her Pelsch legends in verse; it was her time of much industry, always the summer months at Sinaia. But that autumn she left it lamed, and for many months remained unable to move at Bucharest. There she continued writing, and finished the life of her brother Prince Otto. She wrote to her mother, 28th November:—

You have no idea how thankful I am for a quiet winter. I have often said to our dear God this summer, "I can do no more," and He has proved to the world that I cannot, and, by the shattering of my strength, shown I have no more strength. Over the threshold of my room comes no stormy wave, and the

distant roaring only condenses and presses in the world of thought.

4th Dec. This peace is still a blessing to me. For years my soul and body have yearned for rest. At length it has come, and I am so thankful. . . . Why are there so many people and so few men? They draw on one like leeches, and cannot understand that quiet peace is the ideal, the epicureanism of life.

The legends of the Pelsch were published under the title of "Aus Carmen Sylva's Konigreich," and translated into Roumanian as a prize-book for school-children. "Sappho," "Hammerstein," and "Über den Wasser" were written at this time, and the first chapters of "Leidens Erdengang." She writes:—

I hurried much over "Sappho" and "Hammerstein," for I thought death would surprise me before I finished. "Sappho" I wrote in anger with Grillparzer, because I thought that such a powerful nature as Sappho's would only be affected by great and noble suffering; instead of representing her as something grand, as a struggling, enduring, intellectual woman, he assumed the right of representing her as a most ordinary one. To throw oneself into the sea for a mere love affair appears to me contemptible; but to sacrifice oneself for one's child is both poetical and natural. . . . It is characteristic of me that I cannot accept love as a ruling motive for action.

Carmen Sylva's poetical works are not in German only; a French comedy was written for the Bucharest Theatre, "Revenans et Revanus," and a number of philosophical aphorisms in French were collected, and published later, by Ulbach, in Paris, as "Pensées d'une Reine." Carmen Sylva also corresponded with the society of French authors and scholars who united themselves for the purpose of reviving the old Provençal poetry and language. *Felibres de Lar* sent her a sonnet in old Provençal, inviting her to visit the sunny land of troubadors. She replied to him in the same language—

De gracieux noms suis appelée,
Venir ne puis,
Par tems et devoir enchaîné,
Oiseau ne suis.

Several more verses in the same metre contained her poetical reply.

After "Sappho" and "Hammerstein" appeared "Die Hexa," to which a statue of Karl Cauer inspired her. In "Jehova" she considers the question "whether there is a God or not." Ahasherus will know the cause of all things. He speaks of eternal life as a curse which will be overcome when he attains knowledge. He

seeks God in art, in his own restless deeds, in the glow of love, in the desire for possession, and through it all he repeats, "There is no God." He finds God at length in the eternal law of creation, and as he accepts faith, death comes to release him. In "Leidens Erdengang," a collection of legends, Carmen Sylva's imagination works on the question "Whence and wherefore is suffering?" which she symbolically treats. Life brings suffering; but two comforters stand bravely at its side, to help it to struggle and to endure; they are called Patience and Work. This is the leading idea of her poetry. She has the peculiar gift of portraying the inmost progressions of soul life and with a clearness and verity as if she herself had passed through each phase. A volume of short stories is published as "Handzeichnungen," each having a title connected with painter's art. "In my eyes," says Carmen Sylva, "novels are to the poet what a study of heads is to the artist, and aphorisms are the *croquis* in a sketch-book." In her largest volume of poems, "Meine Ruh'," there are thoughts on each month in the year; most of the ballads seem part of her own life, but some of the gay songs owe their wording to Roumanian inspiration, notably the long-strophed one "Die Post," which is full of color and peculiar characterization. In her works, as much as in her diary, we trace Carmen Sylva's mind and plan.

My highest ideal [she notes] is so to write that each one feels as if he had written it himself. I have often tried for weeks and months to write something. It never leaves me alone until it is written. And then I forget it so completely, I do not recognize the old idea. Each good finished work is a step on which one plants one's foot to rise higher; naturally supposing one has placed one's whole strength and best self in it. In one's work one cannot give more than oneself, so every intellectual attainment must be perceptible in it, and tend towards its perfection.

We see here Carmen Sylva reveals, though without noisy declaration, the inherent instinct of all great good women who are "unspotted from the world," that their aim must be always towards perfection, and to *being* the best they can; that high ideal, noble purpose, great fulfilment of life's broad work, does not unfit any individual for any special office. The woman who desired work that she might be considered happy, and has so brilliantly fulfilled her destiny, is certainly a living contradiction to the lives without interest, without occupation, and without use that

the world decrees, and imperatively trains to increase and prolong the inherited misery of men. Each good work is a step, and each good woman who stands on it is one less in the world — below!

In 1876 heavy clouds appeared on the political horizon; the Christian population in the tributary lands revolted against Turkey. Servia and Montenegro declared war. Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, were in a tumult, and Russia pressed forward with warlike intentions. Alexander II. considered it his holy duty to protect the name and faith and free the Slavonic brother from the Turkish yoke. On the 13th November, 1876, the sixth army corps was mobilized and the command given to the czar's brother, Grand Duke Nikolaus. In April they were marching through Roumania. It was neutral ground, but the neutrality was not observed; the Ottoman army pressed forward ignoring all natural rights; burning the ships in harbor and bombarding open towns. Olteniza, where there was not a portion of the Russian army, shared that fate. The Baschi-Bazuks crossed the Danube, and when the ships, whose flag of neutrality they would not recognize, were burnt, the towns and villages were devastated, Roumania had to meet this, and declare war against an undeclared foe. "On 27th May the cannonading commenced between Calafat and Widdin; the battery of Prince Karl attacked and the Turkish kept up a hot fire. The first shell burst close besides the prince; some one raised the cross, Greciano fell upon his knees, thinking the prince was wounded. But the latter sprang up, waving his cap and shouting 'Hurrah! Bravo! Je suis habitué à cette musique-là.' The cheer was taken up and echoed back into the town, while the band played the national hymn. Soon afterwards three shells burst in the very spot where he had stood. To this we owe Carmen Sylva's inspired song 'Calafat.'"

But while the prince stood forward in the midst of warfare, the princess was at work among the wounded; women of all grades flocked to her assistance. The park of Cotroceni was prepared for a hospital, and one hundred beds arranged in it, where the princess herself "could care for her dear children." And she moved from bed to bed, attending the operations, giving chloroform, and binding up the wounds. Many young soldiers who "would rather die than be so maimed,"

* Aus Carmen Sylva's Leben.

submitted to any operation; "for the love of you, Regina, let it be done." She was with them day and night, and since then have the people called her "Muma rani-tilor," the mother of the wounded. The war lasted several months, for it was not until the 10th December that the prince with the Roumanian army entered Plevna, and Osman Pacha surrendered. Prince Karl had not only distinguished himself as a brave soldier but shown himself a master of strategy, and the Roumanian people declared their freedom had come through him. After the occupation of Widdin the forces were recalled, and Roumania was declared independent. On the 20th October, 1878, the prince and the victorious army made their triumphal entry into Bucharest. It was one of the most festal days Bucharest had yet known; flowers were showered down on the soldiers and on the princess, who was with them, while they sang the song that had so often cheered them into battle, Carmen Sylva's "Wacht an der Donau." After that day she writes:—

What a year is drawing to a close! At first I had courage for everything, and fought and struggled with confidence. But it was a difficult post for a woman alone. Trouble is forgotten in hard work. . . . God be thanked! Charles is there. I can slowly draw back into my nutshell, to my flowers, birds, books, and papers. It is an anomaly and a misfortune when a woman is forced to step into public life. . . . There is also brightness in this heavy time. With God's help the gnawing care at our hearts will be absorbed into a lasting peace; the pain and suffering be blotted out, and the good results obtained may work upon us with their brightening power.

After the declaration of independence Roumania was proclaimed a monarchy, on 24th March, 1881. Demeter Stourdza, minister for foreign affairs, wrote to the Princess of Weid:—

Good fortune shines on Roumania. Benefits accrue and good comes of all her difficulties and dangers. As often as I alarm myself, appears again this bright star of happiness. A sense of loyalty and a performance of duty can alone keep it unchanged before us, so that it may never pale. In Bucharest, on 22nd May, there will be a national rejoicing, and as a symbol of the event, and the declared monarchy, the king will be presented with a battle-axe cast from one of the captured guns at Plevna.

On the 22nd of May, 1881, the coronation ceremony took place, and we see Carmen Sylva on the throne "where there was still something for her to do." In

her works and throughout her life we recognize the wonderful individuality and power of Elizabeth, queen of Roumania.

HELEN G. MCKERLIE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
INDIAN INSECTS.

WITH all our knowledge of India, there are very many people who fail to realize the vastness of the change in all outward conditions of life which awaits him who chooses the East to be the theatre of his active life.

Few can count up in imagination the sum of the influences which contribute to that tired look we note in the eyes of the old Indian, and which account for his calm, keen enjoyment of simple existence when he finally comes home.

The vision of the pagoda-tree has indeed faded away, and the leanness of the debased rupee is brought practically home to too many a struggling English family; yet there are still many who picture India as, for the most part, a land of many delights, where to the luxuries of the nabob have been added, in these latter days, the excitements and comforts of modern civilization. And there are more both in East and West who, whether unduly attracted by an imaginary India or unduly repelled by the reality, overlook or undervalue the wealth of strange new things which lie close to the hand of every visitor to the East, and invite and reward his most careful study. I propose here to try for a moment to lift the veil from a phase of the every-day life of the European in India, so familiar to all who live in the East, that, like many another phase of what is now part of our national life, it is seldom the subject of notice.

People who have never travelled beyond Europe are altogether unprepared for the prominent part which is played by insects in tropical countries. It is one of the characteristic contrasts between East and West which the new-comer is left to find out for himself, as the comparative absence of insect life is one of the blessings which the home-stayer cannot appreciate, not knowing his own freedom. In the sweet closed rooms of our cool Western homes the presence of an insect is a fact to be noted. A wasp or two in the height of summer, or a stray spider if the housemaid is careless, make up nearly the sum of such intruders. Even in our gardens, beyond worms and slugs, and in

summer the aphids and a few harmless short-lived things, there is nothing that demands attention from anybody but the gardener. But under the burning Eastern sun insect-life is a thousand times more profuse — no passing phase of short summer months, but a perennial stream of life — while for the closed doors of Europe, we have houses riddled with doors and windows which, for the most part, stand open night and day.

Under such conditions it may be imagined that the insect world ceases to be a matter of indifference to man. All places are as much open to insects as to himself; they are ubiquitous, and of infinite variety; the warm sun fills them with life and energy; wide open houses invite them; and from the time he enters the tropics he cannot escape or ignore their presence.

India is indeed a world in itself, and its insect tribes, more numerous and more diverse than its climates and its races of men, are no less unevenly distributed. There are retreats almost free from insect plagues; but these are mostly limited to cool mountain ranges, accessible only at intervals, or to a favored few. I have myself lived where at certain seasons the dinner-table became a pandemonium of insects, flying in to the light — crickets and grasshoppers, beetles and earwigs, black, restless things with pincers in their heads, and flights of aromatic bugs; and I have travelled where the plague was so great that, as soon as the sun went down, you were driven perforce to retire for the night to the shelter of your mosquito-curtains.

As well might one count the grains of sand as the unnumbered hosts of Indian insects. The roughest classification and a few stray samples must suffice to shadow faintly the wonders and the penalties of their ever-present society.

There are the insects that permanently share your house — ants and flies, spiders and mosquitoes, beetles and cockroaches. One there is, the white ant, which besieges your house and all that is in it like an ever-watchful enemy; there are those that pay you flying visits when your bright lamps call them in, and those that in the garden keep you on guard not less for yourself than for your plants. The active life by which you are thus surrounded is a source always of annoyance, sometimes of torment, yet often enough of wonder and admiration. It has even endowed the Anglo-Indian with a new sense. What is that strange caution which makes his eye

unconsciously search the corners of the room he enters for the first time? or makes him hesitate as he takes the verandah chair in the dusk of the evening? What causes him to grasp his bath-sponge so warily? or to tap his unworn shoes on the floor before putting them on? Is it not that every sheltered corner and every cool recess suggests irresistibly the presence of some unwelcome guest?

There comes a time, however, when you have accepted India for better or worse; when, so far as possible, you wear your burdens "like a hat aside," and when you find new interest in observing the nature and the ways even of your insect fellow-creatures. Especially is this the case if you take pleasure in a flower-garden, the source of one of the purest and most satisfactory of Indian pastimes. There you cannot fail to be attracted every day by new revelations of the insect world, of which the variety seems almost as inexhaustible as the combinations of music.

Once in twenty years a vision of some winged thing of exquisite form and color and grace will flash on your sight — some unknown species never seen before or since — as if alighted from another planet. Is it possible that there are whole families of such creatures? Where and how do they live? Or is it a chance offshoot of better-known tribes, a "sport," like some beautiful hybrid plant developed unawares by an amateur gardener? I remember a shrub in my garden, which used at intervals to burst suddenly into a profusion of sweet-scented flowers. Jealously I kept away from this shrub any visitor with a taste for entomology or butterfly-hunting, and alone I used to enjoy the contemplation of the gay crowd of happy creatures that flocked to feed on the honey. As you approached the tree the air was filled with the hum of a myriad insects, and the faint, cream-colored flowers were seen to be alive with winged things of every shape and color, brilliant as the hues of humming-birds. Velvet butterflies, with their bars and targets of purple and yellow and blue; beetles and ladybirds of burnished steel or gold; flies of emerald or topaz; graceful, indescribable things with branching horns, or with wings fashioned like mediæval shields; gorgeous dragon-flies and big bees drowning the voices of their fellows with their deep trumpet-buzz. This was a periodical sight of which I never tired; a sight not to be equalled in the fairest gardens of Europe.

It is in the garden, too, that one learns something of the wonderful ways in which

Nature arms and protects her tender children against the natural enemies which surround them, — frogs and birds, lizards and men. The slim green grasshopper that loves your rarest palms, how closely he lies under the leaf, the same color as his body, where he would be undiscovered but for the telltale traces of his destructive work where the leaves are cut and hacked as if by a child with scissors. The stick-insect, hardly distinguishable from the dry, lichen-covered twig along which he is stretched; the leaf-insect, shaped and veined and colored like the leaves through which he wanders; huge, soft, defenceless caterpillars, with mimic horns and painted eyes to terrify their enemies with a show of force — how marvellously are all these protected by Nature! careful, it would seem, not only of the type, but even of the single life.

But of these endless tribes some must have more than a passing notice, for they are our familiar comrades, whether we will or no, throughout our Indian sojourn.

The first to welcome the European, the last to bid him farewell, is the mosquito, that miniature gnat, with the innocent air and delicately pencilled feelers, which is forever literally thirsting for his blood. Few and far between are the places altogether free from the great trier of temper and endurance, whose airy grace contrasts ironically with his low cunning and his sleepless persecution.

There are rare instances of people who, from some unknown cause, are proof against the mosquito. I have known a fresh young girl arrive from England, doomed by all precedent to be cruelly tormented by mosquitoes, yet whom no mosquito has ever bitten. Armed by some secret charm — and she has many — she has enjoyed through years of Indian life a perfect freedom from one of the greatest of its minor trials. But there is not one in a thousand who is thus secure, or who is not a constant prey to the tormentor.

It seems strange that creatures of which the vast majority live in grassy jungles, where animal life is rare, and where their only food would seem to be vegetable matter, should so eagerly feed upon the blood of animals; but certain it is that this is a luxury they pursue with unrelenting vigor, and for which they knowingly and even gallantly risk their lives.

If you have patience to watch the mosquito, you will soon see something of his courage and perseverance, of his intelligence and his cunning. He knows well the range of your eye, and in daylight will

never settle within that range. Alighting on the arm of your chair, he will run under shelter of your arm and attack the fleshy part of your thumb, where of all places his bite is most irritating; then rising and hovering in the air when your attention seems occupied, he will take care that even his gentle tread does not disturb you, and lighting on the ring on your finger, or the cuff of your shirt-sleeve, will thence put down his sharp proboscis into your skin and feast unobserved. At night he feels free to wander fearlessly where he will; if the air is still, his incessant "ping" at your ear is only less harassing than a dropping fire of bullets; and nowhere does he find richer or more tempting pasture than under the dark shade of the dinner-table, where he ranges undisturbed over the tender, silk-stocking feet of ladies and dandies.

But the evil need not be exaggerated. In most places, excepting uncleared jungles, the terrors of the mosquito are really trifling and are soon ignored. Mosquito-curtains at night and the punkah by day are protection enough, and a few years' residence renders you, as a rule, far less vulnerable than at first. Then the big lumps raised by the mosquito on your fresh young hands give place to tiny spots which cause no irritation.

There are places, however, such as Maubin on the Irawaddy, where the mosquito renders animal life almost intolerable. There the house of every European is like a meat-safe, with doors and windows of fine perforated zinc; ponies and even buffaloes are protected by gauze netting round their stalls; and dogs are literally bitten to death by mosquitoes.

More interesting, if hardly less harassing to mankind, are the countless armies of the ant, whose regiments are met daily route-marching through your garden; whose flying columns traverse every room of your house; whose siege-trains undermine your walls; and whose scouts are ever on the alert for plunder. Red and black, and white and brown, every corps has its special equipment, and its own field of duty. Resembling the Chinese more than any human race, they are always at work; and to the ignorant, every unit of each tribe is alike. The common object of labor is the search of food for the tribe, and to the majority no food seems to come amiss. They will even boldly attack living animals, especially, with cruel persistence, such as are wounded or helpless. Many a time have I rescued some poor half-dead worm or insect from one or two

vicious ants which, with savage bites, were trying to stop his struggles for life, while they hurried him on towards the hostile camp.

In a well-ordered Indian house little is usually seen of ants; but no house is free from the intrusion of a hundred tribes, and in none are they ever far away. A crumb of bread dropped on the floor, or an insect killed, will not lie many minutes before it is approached by first one and then another ant, hailing like vultures from the far horizon, till it is surrounded by an eager crowd, which carry it off in triumph, no man knows whither. For this reason, it is impossible in most Indian houses to leave fruit or food of any kind on a table for any length of time, unless the legs of the table stand in saucers of water.

One of the greatest ant-pests is a small red ant common in Bengal, a vicious little thing which bites from pure mischief, and if not carefully guarded against, will pervade a house or ship in millions, and is then difficult to expel. One or two of these on your under-clothes, or in your bed, will drive you to distraction till caught and killed; and in Calcutta I have known a canary done to death by them, because left a short time without the protection of a can of water to isolate the cage.

It would be tedious to enumerate the varieties of ant with which in India one becomes quickly familiar, and all of which are alike too active and too inquisitive to be anything but a constant annoyance; but some separate notice is due to that strangest of his species, the white ant. An ant of ants, he is in many ways wholly unlike the common herd. Of all his kind the most destructive, there seems to attach to him something of the dignity of a superior caste. He does not belong to the restless, novelty-seeking races, which skirmish far and wide in small companies. He never runs across your hand or your writing-paper, or climbs aimlessly up your legs. Moving only in masses, he does not lightly invade any place, nor does he lightly leave the place he has invaded. Soberly and of set purpose he sits down before some rich treasure-house, whether of soft wood or paper, of cloth or leather, perceived from afar by that marvellously keen sense which seems common to every tribe of the species.

Unable to bear the light of day, he carries his approaches under covered trenches of mud, thrown up as he advances. These he is at no pains to conceal, so that his presence is at once

betrayed and his dearest plans may be easily frustrated. But woe to the book-shelf, the wardrobe, or even the house-timbers to which he once gains access unobserved! His followers are legion; their weapons are sharp; and their energy is inexhaustible. In a single night the contents of shelf or box will be reduced to powder, and when the lid is lifted and the unwonted light betrays the scared and swarming thousands of the enemy, the work of destruction is done. "Destroyed by white ants," is an accepted explanation of the loss of official papers in India; and a defaulting cashier has been known to offer the same account even of missing bags of rupees.

There is one familiar scene for which the white ant is responsible, which is so characteristic of India that it cannot be passed over, and which carries us back for a moment to the source and origin of the white-ant horde. Deep down in the earth secure, like a toad in a flint, in a stony nest surrounded by a labyrinth of tunnelled passages, lies a huge, misshapen insect, swollen to portentous size.

Hardly to be recognized for an ant, this monstrous creature is the queen-mother of a million children.

From this buried city go forth the legions of the white ant, and hence it is that, at one stage of his Buddha-like transmigrations, he takes flight to the upper air on new-found wings.

On some still evening the signal is given, and, specially equipped for the flight, the swarm issues from the earth in a living stream, dense almost as the smoke of a furnace, leaving forever the dark galleries of their native home to soar for a few brief moments in infinite space. The soft, unwieldy bodies are furnished with fairy wings, which bear them in happy innocence to their new inheritance. What fate awaits them, if the flight is near the homes of men, will be seen forthwith.

When the evening lamps are lighted, and the insects begin to stray into the light, it is not without dismay that the first heralds of the swarm are seen. By twos and threes they flock in and flutter round lamp and candle. More helpless than other insects, they fall an easy sacrifice, as their wings, given only for one short flight, drop from them at a touch.

Thicker and faster follow the flying torrents; the lamps are obscured by the dense, twinkling crowds, ever increasing in multitude, till tables and floor are strewn with the bodies of the dead and living.

Basins of water, set out to receive them, are soon filled with the struggling swarms; lizards on the walls are gorged with the abundant feast; and in the garden, where the *malee* has lighted a fire, and thousands fly to swift destruction in the flames, frogs and toads are seen seated in the lurid light filling their bodies to bursting with the helpless prey.

But when all the sins of the ants have been noted, the ways of these wonderful creatures must always be a source of interest. As you drink your tea in the early morning your eye will be attracted by something moving on the verandah floor. A moth's wing has apparently stood upright, and is travelling along in an erratic course, as if alive. Looking closely, you will see that the wing is being borne along by a tiny ant, so small as to be invisible at a few paces.

The little insect is staggering under a crushing weight, and making herculean efforts to drag his prize to some far-off destination. And there is more to wonder at than the gallant physical effort. The power of the ant lies, doubtless, not only in his intelligence or in his energy, but also in his wonderful self-abnegation and instinct for acting in community.

It must be supposed that a moth's wing is good to eat, but is there any animal but an ant which, wandering alone and finding a delicious morsel in his path, would think and act as he does? Would not dog or cat or bird—unless in search of food for an infant family—think himself fortunate as he ate up the good thing thrown in his way? Even among men, lords of creation, how many would be proof against a similar temptation? But the ant seems to have no thought of self; his only thought is, "What a feast for the tribe!" or if he has any selfish feeling at all, it is, "What *kudos* I shall get when I bring this in!" Hungry as he is after a long ramble, he does not dream of tasting his prize; but hoisting it from the ground—a thing five times his own size—he nearly breaks his back urging it along in the direction of the camp, perhaps half a mile away.

Has any one ever seen such a prize landed at its final destination? I never have. Whether the scene is enacted in house or garden, or on the highroad, the booty is always being hurried away elsewhere. Even when it is the huge carcass of a beetle or wasp, carried by fifty ants, preceded and followed by a regiment of comrades, the goal always seems far away. Never within human sight do the captors

sit down and make merry with the game they have bagged; always they are *en route* to some unknown retreat where it can be shared with others. Perhaps Sir John Lubbock can read their thoughts, and explain this unexampled self-denial. At some time and in some place, we must believe that the fruit of their endless labors is enjoyed; but that dark festival, when at last the banquet is spread, and the rich spoil shared in common, when the ant-laugh rings through the vaulted cavern, and the toiler of the morning is rewarded by the praise of his chief, is forever shrouded in mystery.

From ants to flies is a natural transition as the eyes are lifted from the ground, and of flies it may be said that in all their varieties they are at least as omnipresent in India as elsewhere in the world. The house-fly and the blue-bottle are here beforehand, to renew with greater vigor and in larger reinforcements the easier campaigns you have fought with them in Europe. The house-fly in his thousands is at some seasons, and in some provinces, so serious a plague that he richly merits here a few words of anathema. The irritation which he causes is due less to any acts of aggression, or even to his unknown wanderings, than to his stupidity. With less conscience even than a cat, and armed only with a facility of movement by which he can double more quickly than a hare, it is not from pluck, or patience, or intelligence, but from sheer blundering stupidity, that he returns to your face or hand or food, as often as he is driven away. "Curious" and "thirsty" he may be, but he is never really "busy." With no strange ways to wonder at, he is not even an object of curiosity; with no sting to provoke anger, it seems almost murder to kill so harmless a thing; yet are there few heavier burdens added to the exhaustion of an Indian climate than the presence of this everlasting "bore." Other flies, however, there are, which are far more deadly enemies of man and brute. The sand-fly, which closest curtains cannot shut out; the eye-fly, which dances over a tiny speck before your eyes; the gad-fly, which drives your horse to distraction, and yourself into a fever, as you ride in the sultry heat,—these are the scourge of certain regions in India, but are happily not universal.

But there is harmless beauty, too, among Indian flies. None of all the insects can rival the inexplicable beauty of the firefly—the innocent brown thing with shelly wings covering a body which glows and

throbs with bright flashes of soft phosphoric light.

It is only by accident that the firefly ever wanders into the house, but he is a familiar friend in every garden, where on still nights he will transform every shrub into a living Christmas-tree.

There is a common little fly of graceful shape, whose green and gold attract the eye in the sunshine like a diamond. There are brown wasp-like flies which build curious nests of mud in the corners of your room; brilliant talc-winged dragon-flies, and slim flies of steely blue which bore in wood. One of these lately bored his nest in my writing-table, just above my knees. When the punkah was not moving he could go in and out as he pleased; but when the punkah was pulled, the wind made it difficult for him to approach his nest, and it was a pretty sight to watch the beautiful blue thing tacking and struggling, like a cutter sailing up into the wind, till he made good his footing at a distance, and crept round to the nest.

The terrors of the Indian hornet are well enough known, and it is not long since the newspapers told of men stung to death by hornets in the jungles of the central provinces.

Wasps, too, are common throughout India; but the Indian wasp is a disappointing creature, without any of the *beauté du diable* of the wasp of our childhood, of which he seems to be but a dreamy image. Instead of the compact, active creature we know so well, of brilliant yellow and black, the Indian wasp is long and thin of body, of a uniform pale-brownish yellow. Of lazy habit, his legs trail feebly after him as he flies; and though in reality no less venomous than other wasps, it is rather as a crawling intruder than as an armed enemy that he is pursued and killed. This is the wasp proper. But there is a tiny species of wasp, of very different habit, of which the Indian gardener soon learns to beware. Seldom noticed alone, and often not discovered till too late, this lively little creature loves to build beehive-like combs in your favorite garden shrubs, — crotons, poinsettias, or broad-leaved almandas. Brushing past such a shrub in your walk, or trimming a luxuriant branch, you will quickly be made aware that you have trespassed on the preserves of an armed and revengeful tribe. Dashing out fearlessly in a body from the cover, and making straight for your face and neck and hands, they will sting you fiercely wherever the flesh is exposed, and will follow up the pursuit till you es-

cape beyond their reach. The pain of the sting is sudden and severe, but not lasting, and in a few minutes the irritation passes away, but it is severe enough to teach you to be on the watch henceforth for a new ambush in the garden.

If you see a broad leaf slightly curved out of its natural position, your suspicions will be at once aroused. Coming nearer, you will see perhaps one or two stragglers of the tribe on the surface of the leaf or hovering near, and you will give that shrub a wide berth. But no night-watch is kept, and if you come stealthily at night you may snip off the branch with your shears and make good your retreat before the enemy has time to discover his assailant. In the morning the combs will be empty.

Need it be said that the spider too is here? Less gregarious and far less troublesome than ants or flies, spiders are no less various in shape, size, color, and habit. Besides the airy species seen in the garden, with hair-like legs out of all proportion to their tiny bodies, and the glittering metallic spiders, whose monster webs stretch from tree to tree, there are two varieties with which one soon becomes well acquainted. One is a large brown spider with a body the size of a sixpence, and legs in proportion, usually seen only in the proper place for spiders, the corners of the ceiling. The instinctive dislike with which this creature is regarded is not without justification. If it runs over your skin he will cause a very painful inflammation, and his course will be marked by a red scar which lasts for many days. A commoner kind is a little harmless grey spider with black velvety marks. Of more active habit than most of his fellows, he is seldom seen brooding in a web waiting for unwary victims. His movements, too, are unlike those of other spiders. His legs are short and hardly seen; he hops as much as he runs; and altogether he seems to pass a more cheery and less exclusively blood-thirsty life than others of his kindred. I have more than once observed a spider of this kind haunt a looking-glass for many days together, and hop and run on the glass as if enjoying the reflection.

It is time now to notice a few of the insects which are more peculiarly characteristic of India — creatures which, unknown in Europe, are our daily companions in the far East. No man will be long in India before he makes the acquaintance of the fish-insect. This is one of those retiring but insidious foes which lie in

wait for those who place any value on their household gods, and who relax for a day their vigilant care of such treasures. Books and papers are his feeding-ground; undusted shelves and drawers; all quiet, undisturbed places in which paper and paste are to be found. Under the paper lining of your handkerchief-drawer, under the velvet padding of your dressing-case, behind the plush frame that holds the picture of the beloved, lie the favorite haunts of the fish-insect. If you open a book which has lain long on the shelf, or a bundle of papers which has been tied up in a drawer, there is a rapid movement and a faint flash, as a small grey thing, sometimes an inch long, and with a silvery sheen which adds to the delusion, wriggles swiftly out of sight. The fish-insect is not venomous, and the harm which he does is not often serious; but he adds to the roll of the besiegers which conspire to give to an Indian house the shabby, uncared-for look which is so foreign to an English home, and so dispiriting to the new-comer—one of the many creatures whose ways you may watch with interest, but against whom you have to be ever on your guard.

A thousand times more fiendish are the form and the ways of the insect which next crouches for its portrait, a native of India too conspicuous to escape notice, yet to which justice cannot be done, and which can never expiate the crime of his existence. "I should like to make your flesh creep" is the involuntary thought of one who essays to describe the Indian cockroach. Who that has been in India does not know the flat, shining, ill-savored, coffee-colored thing, seen only in dimly lighted places,—the eyes starting out of the head; the long, ever-moving feelers; the swift, uncertain movements; the sudden uncontrolled flight when he dashes perhaps into your face, and for a brief and horrible moment his clammy legs cling to your skin? What a life he must lead! Ever in cowardly terror of his life, his perpetual instinct is to hide himself. From some dark corner he glares at you with guilty eyes. As he darts from place to place he knows you will kill him if you can, and he knows he deserves to be killed. Even in the houses of the highest of the land the cockroach is not unknown. Boots, gloves, and books bear witness to his ravages, and a pungent smell betrays his presence in your wardrobe. But the paradise of the cockroach is a ship. It is in the depths of the ship's hold, where he may hide among the cargo undisturbed

and feed on all rank things, that he is in his glory. Happily he seems unable to live except in tropical heat, so that in the great passenger-steamers constantly returning to Europe, he is seldom seen. The home of his heart is the hold of the ship whose course is limited to tropical seas. There, among bales of rice and kegs of oil, where darkness reigns and the air is hot and foul, and where human foot rarely intrudes, he roams at will from post to post. Thence the more venturesome spirits ascend to the upper decks and haunt saloon and cabins, and especially pantries and store-rooms, where corners and crevices shelter them, and there are endless chances of "loot." Hence comes the chief ingredient of that sickly atmosphere which strikes the sense on descending from the outer air, and often makes a voyage in such a vessel a penance indeed.

In the daytime the cockroach lies hid, but no sooner are the lamps lighted than he wakes to his nightly career of ghastly play and plunder. On the first day of the voyage you will kill one or two and hope you are rid of them; but it was an idle feat—the place of the slain is quickly taken by others, and the reserve is inexhaustible. Your cabin becomes untenable, and you resign it to the cockroach; or, if you must sleep there, you hurry off your clothes in a fever of haste and dash into the shelter of your curtains, where you hope for peace, and, if proper care is taken, may find it. If you sleep without curtains, tradition has it that the cockroach will feed on your nails and eyebrows.

But besides the arch-fiend I have attempted to describe there are other varieties of the cockroach, differing from him and from each other in shape and color, and only less insufferable because less aggressive. From the presence of these no Indian house can be guaranteed. Such are the small, fat species, brown or striped, with ribbed back, found among the papers in your writing-table drawer; and the still smaller swift-running cockroach to be met with in all similar retreats. I need not prolong the agony. Suffice it to say that, of whatever form or size or color, the cockroach, whose acquaintance is forced on every man who treads the soil of India, is of all created insects the most repulsive, but unfortunately one of the most prolific.

Let us drown the memory of the accursed thing in contemplating some of the more curious and clean-living tenants of trees and grass. Grasshoppers and their

kindred are found in India in abundance, from him whose penetrating pea-whistle deafens you as you pass under the trees on a sultry evening to the wonderful "praying mantis," than which none is better worth study among all the winged marvels which nightly dash into the Indian drawing-room.

From two to three inches long, the slender green body of the mantis is surmounted by a giraffe-like neck, ending in a small hammer-head with big, protruding eyes. With his bent fore-legs and hooked claws, held up as if in prayer, he is the most ungainly of living things, his movements reminding one of those of the kangaroo. He is a creature to be approached with respect as well as with wonder, for he is ready with his teeth, and his bite is painful; and there is something revolting in the slow, cold-blooded relish with which he devours the flies and smaller insects which cross his path. But his quaint, intelligent ways are so well worth watching that I have known a mantis caught and tied up by a thread and kept for days for the purpose.

Another nightly wonder is the stag-beetle. As you doze over your five-weeks-old newspaper in the open verandah after dinner, you are aroused by a boom, as of distant thunder overhead. Louder and nearer comes the sound, like the magnified buzz of a hive of bees; and again and again the din is broken by resounding thumps against the ceiling, till suddenly a heavy body like a chestnut falls plump on the floor. All is silent, but with a candle you will soon find the author of all this disturbance walking unconcerned on the floor. He is a huge, black, horny beetle, as broad as he is long, and almost as deep-chested. His shining body is protected by a shell almost like that of a tortoise, and his head guarded by a projecting shield. So powerful is he that it is a common experiment to place heavy weights on his back, and see him walk away with them like an elephant with a child. Presently, tiring of the dull sameness of the floor, he will raise himself with an effort, and spreading gauzy wings from under his tortoise hide, will mount again with din and fuss, and soaring in awkward, ill-balanced flight through the room, hurl himself blindly against walls and ceiling, till either he is once more brought low by the concussion, or blundering through the open window, wanders out again into the night.

To speak of the centipede is to transgress the limits of the insect kingdom;

yet he seems to ask for a word of mention among the ants and beetles with which he is so closely associated in the Indian house and garden. His is a fear-inspiring name, yet the commonest Indian centipede is a type of innocence. A dull-reddish caterpillar, of such uniform girth that the head is hardly distinguishable, the number of his legs must be nearer a thousand than a hundred. In no fear of molestation, he wanders in the verandah and among the flower-pots — too slow to escape detection if he wished it, but with no guilty fears to drive him to concealment. One resource only he has if disturbed in his peaceful wanderings — when touched he at once rolls himself up into a tight, round coil, and lies still on his side. "Do what you like with me," he seems to say; and as he does no harm, and with his hard, shelly back is not an inviting morsel even to birds, he is generally left alone, to uncoil himself and resume his stroll as soon as the coast is clear.

It is not to this innocent babe that the name of centipede owes its ill repute, but to a far more venomous namesake, with which he has nothing in common but the multitude of legs. Like all noxious creatures, the armed centipede seems to be conscious of his own guilt. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. Unlike his distant kinsman, he is seldom found wandering in the open, but lurks fearfully in dark, quiet corners. As you re-pot some favorite plant, he will be found among the broken bricks at the bottom of the flower-pot; and hastily are plant and pot dropped from your hand at sight of a rapidly moving, brown thing, two inches long, serrated like a sword-fish. He expects and receives no quarter; but his flight is swift and sinuous, and he will often escape to try your nerves again, if not to wound you, on a future day.

But my subject is inexhaustible, and I have but touched its outer edge. Time and space would fail were I to notice a tithe even of the families of creeping and flying things which in India share the home of man and attend him in his going out and coming in — things beautiful and hideous; familiar things and things that baffle description. A volume would not suffice to tell of the tribes of moths, from the giant Atlas to the silvery gem bordered with vermilion; of locust-flights that give new reality to the stories of the Pentateuch; of crickets which seem to have strayed from the English hearth or the crevices of kitchen walls; of big, bouncing things, half cricket, half grasshopper;

of insects of which no man can distinguish head from tail; and of ten thousand creatures, unnamed, unclassified, to which it seems indifferent whether they run, or hop, or walk, or fly, and which, to the embarrassment of mankind, seem ever undecided which to do.

P. HORDERN.

From The National Review.

A RIVAL OF MARCO POLO.

Ever roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known.

It happened to me last winter to spend a number of weeks in an interesting but very out-of-the-way Eastern city; and my gratitude was great to certain European officials there, who, having books, lent me whatever I pleased amongst them. Of these a large number dealt with Oriental subjects, and though doubtless well enough known to a certain class of specialists, were not books which at home would attract the general reader. Here, however, the neighborhood of the things described and discussed in them, gave them an interest for mere ordinary people, which would hardly be felt in Europe by even professed students. Amongst these was a singular book of travels, the very existence of which I had never before heard of; and the educated public in general, I believe, is in equal ignorance. They were the travels of one Ibn Batoutah, a native of Tangier, who was born somewhere about the year 1300, and who, with the exception of one or two Western countries, visited nearly every region of the then known world. Oriental scholars have frequently referred to his work; but how completely unknown he is to the world in general, and least to the English world, may be gathered from the fact that, though there is an English translation of him, this was made sixty years ago, from an incomplete text, and has never been reprinted; whilst the original text itself—in Arabic—was correctly edited and completely printed for the first time, in Paris, only fourteen years ago.

These travels proved to me to be one of the most fascinating books I ever read, and though my interest in them may have been heightened by the circumstances under which I read them, I cannot but imagine that they would fascinate any one and anywhere; there is such an ease and charm in the style; the descriptions are so precise and graphic; the anecdotes are

so various and so singular; there is so much dry humor, and unintended personal pathos; and the regions visited, if taken in connection with the date of the visit, are so remote from common knowledge. These last comprise Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Zanzibar, Asia Minor, southern Russia, Constantinople, Bokhara, Afghanistan, the valley of the Indus, Ceylon, Sumatra, and China; but not these only. These names do but indicate the extent of the earlier travels. Having accomplished these, after many years of absence, Ibn Batoutah returned to his own home; but unable to rest, he soon resumed his wanderings, and made a tour through southern Spain and Granada. Then once more he returned home; but still the traveller's impulse was strong and unsatiated; and he presently started on a third career of adventure. This time he directed his course into the obscure recesses of Africa; he explored the Soudan, and advanced as far as Timbuctoo; from which place he returned after three years, when he at length rested from his labors, the Ulysses of mediæval travel.

He has one famous rival with whom he at once suggests a comparison, and that is Marco Polo; and, indeed, the two have many points of connection. The one, in point of time, follows on the heels of the other. Marco Polo was dying at Venice in or about the year in which Ibn Batoutah, a youth of twenty-two, began his wanderings as a devout pilgrim to Mecca; and again and again, in the remotest East, he crossed the track and trod in the very footprints of his predecessor; he roamed through the same cities, he heard the same stories, he observed the same customs, and it is interesting to compare the ways in which the two reported or were struck by them.

Systematically done this would no doubt be instructive also; but I use the word *interesting* because I am writing, not as a scholar, but simply as one who, stumbling on an unknown book accidentally, was attracted by it as one might be by a novel, and was almost pleased in the way approved of by Tristram Shandy, "He knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

It is primarily for the benefit of readers of a similar class that I am now calling attention to these truly delightful travels, which, besides being as trustworthy as those of Marco Polo, are considerably superior to them in literary style and in richness of observation, and in the fact of their being permeated from end to end

by the *naïve* personality of their author. Nothing, for instance, can be more vivid than his description of his entrance into Constantinople, and his reception at the court of the emperor, and of the Greeks at the gate whom he heard murmuring excitedly to one another, "Look, look, here come the Saracens." Again, there is a charming humor in his account of the way in which, at Delhi, he contrived to settle with his tradesmen; how he frankly told them that he had not at that moment a penny for them, but begged them to wait till they saw him in the king's company, and then beset him with their most aggressive importunities, assuring them that the king would enquire what was the matter, and hearing of his distress would incontinently pay his debts for him. Again there is a poetry like that of the "Arabian Nights," in his description of the storm on the Chinese Seas, with the merchants taking to their prayers and vowing to heaven amendment, whilst an enormous mountain, unknown to any of the sailors, seemed to rise before them out of the waves on the horizon, with its rocks ready to shatter them.

The best way, however, to convey a true impression of the book, will be to give extracts from it in the author's own words; and since space will allow of only a few of these, I shall select them mainly from his descriptions at China, as these will afford us the closest connection and continuity, combined with the greatest variety of scenes, customs, and incidents, and will enable us also to compare him with Marco Polo.

His general account of the country begins thus:—

"China is an enormous territory, abounding in every kind of wealth, in fruits, in cereals, in gold and silver. No country in the world can rival it in these natural riches. It is traversed by a river whose name in Chinese means 'the Water of Life.' It has also another name, which means the 'Yellow River.' It rises amongst the mountains near Pekin, and flows through the middle of the country to the length of a six months' journey, till it joins the sea at Canton. It is bordered by villages, cultivated fields, and orchards, much as the Nile is in Egypt; only the country here is more flourishing, and there are in the river a great number of water-wheels. There is plenty of sugar in China, equal to that of Egypt or even better. There are also grapes and plums. I myself used to think Damascus plums the most delicious in the world: but when

I came to China I found out my mistake. In short, every fruit that we possess at home has its equal, or even its superior, in China.

"The Chinese are infidels and worshippers of idols; and they burn their dead just as is done in India. Their king is a Tartar, of the family of Gengis-Khan. In each of their towns is a quarter reserved for Mussulmans, where they live by themselves, and have their mosques for worship and other meetings. They are honored and respected.

"The pagans of China eat the flesh of pigs and dogs, which is sold publicly in their markets. They are in general well-to-do and rich; but they pay too little attention to their food and clothing. You may see such men as their considerable merchants, men so rich that they can hardly count their treasures, going about with coarse cotton turbans. The great passion of the Chinese is the collection of gold and silver plate. They always carry a stick tipped with iron, on which they lean in walking, and which they call their third leg."

After other discursive generalities of this kind, we come presently to more detailed information, beginning with a subject which some thirty years before had also been specially remarked on by Marco Polo—the currency of China.

"In their commercial transactions," he says, "the Chinese use neither gold nor silver. All such coins as come into the country are at once melted down into ingots. . . . They buy and sell by means of pieces of paper, each of which is as large as the palm of a man's hand, and bears the mark or seal of the sultan. . . . When anyone finds himself in possession of one that is worn or torn, he takes it to a public office where he receives a new one in place of it, and where he gives up the old. No sort of charge is made for this transaction, for those who issue these notes are in the pay of the sultan, and the direction of the department is confided to one of the principal emirs of China. If any one goes to market with a piece of gold or silver, nobody will take it or pay any attention to him, until he has changed it into notes, with which he can purchase what he pleases."

Marco Polo's account is virtually similar, except that he states that for changing the damaged notes for new, the mint makes a charge of three per cent.; and he adds some additional particulars as to the nature and preparation of the paper, and the

government stamp that was put upon it. I may remark in passing that he seems to have curiously misunderstood the nature of this piece of financing, for these notes apparently all represented gold, whereas Marco Polo imagines that they were designed to make up for the want of it, for the "Grand Khan," he declares, "may be said to possess the secret of the alchemists."

But to return to Ibn Batoutah. Proceeding with his account of the most remarkable characteristics of China, which he passes in review before coming to his own adventures in it, the next one of importance which he mentions is the artistic nature of the people.

"The Chinese," he says, "are of all nations the one with most talent and most taste for the arts. This is a fact generally known; many authors have noticed it in their works, and insisted strongly on it. As for painting, no race, Christian or other, is able to rival the Chinese. Their talent for it is perfectly extraordinary. Amongst the wonderful things connected with this subject, which I myself have noticed, I may mention that whenever I have entered any one of their towns, and have had afterwards occasion to go back to it, I have always found portraits of myself and my companions on the walls and on the papers in the markets. On one occasion, when I entered the city of Pekin I passed through the painter's bazaar, and arrived with my companions at the palace of the sovereign, all of us dressed in the costumes of our own country. In the evening, when I left the palace, I passed on my way back through the same bazaar. Now, I saw my own picture, and the pictures of my own companions, painted on pieces of paper which were hung up on the walls. Each of us set himself to examine the picture of his comrade, and we all found that the likenesses were perfect.

"I have been assured that the emperor had himself given orders to painters to take my portrait; and these had come to the palace whilst we were there, and had observed and painted us without our being aware of it. It is, at any rate, an established custom in China to take the portraits of every one who passes through the country. Indeed, the practice is pushed so far with them, that if any stranger does anything which obliges him to fly the country, a portrait of him is sent into every province, and if any one anywhere is found resembling it, he is forthwith taken into custody."

From this slight allusion to the police of the empire, by a somewhat abrupt transition, the author proceeds as follows: "When a junk is about to start on a voyage, it is customary amongst the Chinese for the admiral and his secretaries to go on board and take account of the number of archers, sailors, and servants; and it is not till this formality is gone through that the vessel is suffered to depart. When the junk returns, the same officials again go on board her. They compare the persons on board with the number in their register, and if any one of those entered is missing, the owner of the vessel is held responsible for him. He must give good proof that the individual in question is dead, or that he has deserted, or that some accident has befallen him. If the owner cannot do this, he is taken and punished. Furthermore, the owner is obliged to state in detail every article of his cargo, be its value small or great. As soon as all this is done, every one goes on shore, and the custom-house officials sit there watching them to see what it is that each one is bringing with him. If they detect anything that has not been properly declared, the vessel and all its contents are confiscated by the treasury. This is a piece of injustice to which I have seen no parallel anywhere else—in no country either infidel or Mahometan. I have seen it in China, and seen it in China only. In India, however, there was till lately, a practice somewhat approaching it; for any one who was discovered with any goods about him, which he had concealed with intent to avoid paying duty on them, was condemned to pay that duty eleven times over."

Certainly when we read of the custom-house officials, and the way in which they scrutinize the disembarking passengers, we may well be inclined to say that there is nothing new under the sun. Presently Ibn Batoutah turns to the conditions of travel in the interior.

"China," he says, "is of all countries the safest and the easiest to travel in. One may go a nine months' journey without a single danger to fear, and this, even though one is laden with valuables. At every place where one stops, there is a hostelry, regularly under the inspection of an officer, who has with him a troop of horse and infantry. Every evening, after sunset or night-fall, the officer enters the hostelry accompanied by his secretary. He writes down the names of all the guests who are to pass the night there, making them out into a properly authenticated list, and when he has done this, he locks the

door on them. In the morning he returns, calls every one by name, and makes a detailed note about him. He sends with the travellers a person whose business it is to conduct them to their next stopping-place, and to bring him back a letter from the corresponding officer stationed there, stating that all of them have arrived safely. If the officer is unable to do that, the conductor in charge of the party is held responsible. Such is the arrangement at all the stopping-places between Canton and Peking. At the hostelrys the traveller will find all that he needs in the way of provisions — especially fowls and geese. As for sheep, they are rare in China.*

Marco Polo gives an account that is almost exactly similar, except that he omits any mention of lists made of the guests, and of their tours being "personally conducted."

From the city of Kambalu (Peking), [he says] there are many roads leading to the different provinces, and upon each of these, that is to say, upon every great highroad, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, according as the towns happen to be situated, there are stations with houses for the accommodation of travellers, called *yamb*, or post-houses. They are large and handsome buildings, having several well-furnished apartments, hung with silk, and provided with everything suitable to persons of rank. . . . At each station four hundred good horses are kept in constant readiness. . . . Even in mountainous districts, remote from the great roads, where there are no villages, and the towns are far apart, his Majesty has caused buildings of the same kind to be erected, furnished with everything necessary, and provided with the usual establishment of horses . . . in all of which the Grand Khan exhibits a superiority over every other Emperor, King, or human being.

Ibn Batoutah, soon after he has discussed Chinese travelling generally, takes up the thread of his personal narrative, and begins to give us his own experiences of it.

"To return," he says, "to the particulars of our journey. I may say that after our sea voyage, the first Chinese town at which we disembarked was Zeïtoûn (Tchang-tchou, or perhaps Amoy — two neighboring sea-ports, opposite the island of Formosa). Although *zeitoun* in Arabic means olives, there are no more olive-trees in this city than anywhere else in China or in India; only it is the city's name. It is a large and magnificent town, where they make damasked velvets. The harbor is one of the largest in the world; I may say it is actually the largest. I have seen a hundred large junks in it at once, whilst

as to the smaller ones, they were innumerable. It is an inlet from the sea, which enters the land and extends right up to the mouth of the river. In this town, as in every other in China, each inhabitant has a garden and a field, in the midst of which his house stands; and this is why Chinese towns cover such vast areas.*

"The Mussulmans live in a town or quarter apart. On the day of my arrival I saw the same emir who had arrived in India, as ambassador, and bearer of a present, who had started in our company, and whose ship had sunk. He saluted me, and spoke to the chief of the council, who lodged me in a charming apartment, where I soon received a succession of visits from the principal Mahometan dignitaries, and the principal merchants also. . . . As these merchants are established in a country of unbelievers, it follows that whenever they meet a Mussulman they are not a little delighted, and say to themselves, 'Here is one who comes from the land of Islam.'

"When the chief of the council or magistrate of this city had learnt all about me, he wrote to the khan, who is the great king or sultan of China, to inform him that I had arrived on behalf of the king of India.† I asked the chief of the council to send some one who might conduct me to the district of Sin Assin (Canton), so that whilst waiting for the khan's reply, I might visit that part of his dominions. He complied with my request, and sent one of his own people to go with me. I travelled by river‡ in a ship like one of

* Compare the account of Marco Polo: "At the end of five days' journey you arrive at the noble and handsome city of Zai-tun, which has a port on the seaward, celebrated for the resort of shipping, loaded with merchandise that is afterwards distributed through every part of the province of Manji. . . . It is, indeed, impossible to convey an idea of the concourse of merchants and the accumulation of goods in this, which is held to be one of the most commodious ports of the world. The quantity of pepper imported there is so great, that what is carried to Alexandria to supply the wants of the Western world is probably not more than a hundredth part of the whole. The grand khan derives a vast revenue from this place, as every merchant is obliged to pay 10 per cent. upon the amount of his investment. The ships are freighted by them at the rate of 30 per cent. for fine goods; 44 per cent. for pepper, aloes, and sandal-wood. As for other drugs, and articles of trade in general, 40 per cent., so that it is computed by the merchants that their charges, including customs and freight, amount to half the value of the cargo; and yet on the half that remains their profit is so considerable that they are always disposed to return to the same market. The country is delightful. . . . The river that flows by the port is large and rapid."

† Ibn Batoutah's adventures are in many respects like Marco Polo's. He, too, was taken into the service of an Eastern potentate — the king of Delhi — and filled many posts of the highest trust and honor.

‡ Marco Polo says: "Through the midst of it (Canton) passes a river a mile in width. This river dis-

our men-of-war, except that the men row standing, and all at once, in the middle of the vessel, whilst the passengers occupy the spaces fore and aft. For the sake of shade, they stretch over the ship awnings, made out of a plant of the country, which resembles flax, though it is not flax. It is finer than hemp.

"We travelled on this river for twenty-seven days. Every day, a little before noon, we cast anchor at a village, where we bought whatever we required, and made our midday prayer. In the evening we disembarked at another village, and so on till we arrived at Canton . . . Canton is a town of the first magnitude, and its markets are amongst the first. One of the largest is the porcelain market, from which they export porcelain to the other towns of China, and also to India and Arabia.

"In the middle of this town is a superb temple, with nine gates. Inside each there is a portico, with platforms on which the people sit who exhibit the building. Between the second and third gates there is a part where there are rooms which are entirely occupied by the blind, the infirm, and the mutilated. They are clothed and fed by means of pious legacies left to the temple. Between the other gates, there are other establishments of the same kind; there is a hospital for the sick, a kitchen for preparing food for them, and lodgings for doctors and for servants. I was assured that old men past working for their livelihood are there clothed and boarded, and that there are also widows and orphans who meet with similar treatment. This temple was built by a king of China, who has left this city with the villages and garden appertaining to it, as a pious foundation for this establishment. His portrait is to be seen in the temple, and the Chinese worship it."

We may here pause for a moment to see what Marco Polo says about a similar subject:—

The Grand Khan, on being apprised of any respectable family, that had lived in easy circumstances, being by misfortune reduced to poverty, or who, in consequence of infirmities are unable to work for their living, or raise a supply of any kind of grain—to a family in that position he gives what is necessary for their year's consumption; and at the customary period they present themselves before the officers who manage this department of

charges itself into the sea, at no great distance from the port named Zai-tun." Marco Polo made the journey by land; "the road," he says, "being over hills, across plains, and through woods, in which are found many of those shrubs from which camphor is procured. The country abounds also with game."

his Majesty's expenses, and who reside in a palace where the business is transacted, to whom they deliver a statement in writing of the quantity furnished to them in the preceding year, according to which they receive also for the present. He provides in like manner for their clothing, which he has the means of doing from his tenths of silk, wool, and hemp. These materials he has woven into the different sorts of cloth, in a house erected for this purpose, where every artisan is obliged to work one day in the week for his Majesty's service. . . . It should be known that the Tartars, when they followed their original customs, and had not yet adopted the religion of the idolators, were not in the practice of bestowing alms, and when a necessitous man applied to them, they drove him away with injurious expressions, saying, "Begone with your complaint of a bad season which God has sent you. Had he loved you, as it appears he loves me, you would have prospered as I do." But since the wise men of the idolators, and especially the baksis (or Buddhist priests), have represented to his Majesty that providing for the poor is a good work, and acceptable to their deities, he has relieved their wants in the manner stated.

We will now return to the narrative of Ibn Batoutah, which brings us to the following very curious story. It would have been a treasure in these days to a society of psychical research, or to theosophists.

"During my stay in Canton," he proceeds, "I heard it said that there was a very old sheikh, who numbered more than two hundred years, that he neither ate nor drank, nor indulged in any kind of dissipation, and that though still endowed with all the spirit of a youth, he utterly eschewed the society of all women; and that he dwelt in a cavern outside the town, where he gave himself up to devotion. To this cavern I betook myself, and saw him at the entrance. He was thin; his complexion was very red, or rather coppery; he bore the marks of his pious exercises; and he had no trace of a beard. After I had saluted him, he took my hand, smelt it as a dog might, and said to the interpreter, 'This is a man who belongs to one extremity of the world, as we do to the other.' Then he said to me: 'You have been the witness of a miracle. Do you remember the day of your arrival in the isle where there was a temple, and the man there sitting between the idols, who gave you six gold pieces?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I remember it well.' He answered, 'I am that man.' I kissed his hand.

"The sheikh reflected for a certain time; and then he went back into his cavern, and never came near us again. One could have said that he regretted what he had

just told me. We plucked up courage, however, and went into the cavern after him, hoping that we might be able to surprise him; but not a trace of him was to be seen anywhere. One, however, of his companions we did see, who held in his hand some Chinese paper money, and who said to us, 'Take this instead of hospitality, and be off with you.'

"Ah," said we, 'but what we wish is to wait for the great man.'

"Him," said the other, 'you never will see again — no, not if you waited here ten years. Do not, however, think,' he added, 'that he is absent. On the contrary, he is present with you at this moment.'

"I was astonished, and took my departure. I told the story afterwards to the khadi and some others. 'That,' they said, 'is his way of behaving with the strangers who go to visit him. Nobody knows what religion he professes; and the person whom you thought to be one of his companions, was none other than the sheikh himself.'

"They informed me that this singular personage had quitted the country fifty years ago, and it was only a year since he had returned to it; that kings, generals, and great people go to visit him, and that he makes presents to them all, worthy of their respective ranks; that every day the fakirs go to see him, and that they all receive gifts from him proportionate to their merits; and this, although the cavern in which he dwells contains absolutely nothing.

"One of the friends to whom I spoke on the subject told me the following story: 'I once went,' he said, 'to visit this man in the cavern, and he took me by the hand. Immediately I imagined myself to be in an immense castle, where the sheikh was sitting on a throne. He seemed to me to be wearing a crown upon his head, and there were ranged on each side of him lovely female attendants, and fruits were incessantly dropping into conduits of water that were to be seen flowing before him. I fancied that I stooped and took up an apple to eat; and lo! in an instant, I perceived that I was in the cave, and the sheikh was before me laughing and making a mock of me. I was ill for some months afterwards, and I did not go again to visit this extraordinary man.'

"The day after my interview with the sheikh I left Canton, and set out for Zeitoun; and a few days after my arrival there, an order came from the khan to the effect that I should proceed to his capital, with all my expenses paid, and every re-

spect shown me. I was left free to travel either by road or river. I decided on the latter.

"They placed at my disposal a delightful vessel — one of those used for the journeys of high officers. The emir sent his companions with me; other friends came, bringing me an abundance of provisions, and the khadi and the Mahometan merchants did the same. We travelled as guests of the khan. We dined at one village, we supped at another; and after a passage of six days we arrived at Kandjenfoû — a fine city in an immense plain, surrounded by gardens in a way that reminded me of Damascus.

"As we approached, there came forth to meet us the sheikh of the Mahometans, the khadi, and the merchants, with flags, drums, horns, and trumpets — the band accompanying them. They brought us horses, which we mounted, they themselves going with us on foot — all except the sheikh and the khadi, who were mounted like ourselves, and rode by our sides.

"The governor of the city and his servants came out to meet us also; for the guest of the khan is held in the highest respect by these peoples; and thus we made our entry into Kandjenfoû.

"This city has four walls. Between the first and second were quartered slaves of the khan — those who guard the city by day, and those who guard it by night. Between the second walls and the third are quartered the cavalry, and the emir in command of the city. The Mahometans dwell within the third wall, and there we descended at the house of the sheikh Zhahir. The Chinese dwell within the fourth wall, which comprises the largest of all these divisions. The distance from one gate to another in this immense city of Kandjenfoû is about two miles. Each householder has his house, his gardens, and his fields, in the way described already.

"... I remained at Kandjenfoû for fifteen days. Then I departed. China, beautiful as it is, did not please me. On the contrary, my spirit was much troubled in thinking how idolatry ruled over all this country. This made me feel so wretched and desolate that most of the time I remained indoors, and never quitted the house, except when absolutely necessary. During my whole stay in China, whenever I saw Mahometans, it was as if I had met my own family and my nearest relations.

"A certain friend of mine, by name

Albochry, a distinguished lawyer, whom I had known in India, and came upon again unexpectedly in this place, pushed his goodness so far as to come with me four days on my journey, when I left. This Albochry had made a great name for himself, and also a large fortune in China. He told me he had about fifty pages or male slaves, and the same number of women. He kindly made me a present of two of each sort, and gave me many things besides. Later on I saw his brother in Nigritia. What a distance—a vast distance—lay between them!

"But to return to my journey. As usual I travelled by river; dining at one village, supping at the next; and after a voyage of seventeen days, we arrived at the town of Khansâ (in reality Hang-cheu—called by Marco Polo, Kin-sai). This city is the largest I have ever seen on the earth's surface. If a traveller goes through it with the usual halts, it is a three days' journey from one end of it to the other.

"Every one has his house and garden, which, as we have said, is usual all over China. The city is divided into six quarters, as I will explain presently.

"On my arrival, all the Mahometan magnates came out to meet me, with a white flag, drums, trumpets, and horses. The commandant of the city came out also, with an escort.

"We entered the city, which is divided into six quarters. Each of them has a separate wall, and one great wall encloses all of them. In the first quarter dwell the guards and their officers. I heard from the khadi and others that these number about twelve thousand. The day following we entered the second quarter, by a gate called the Jews' Gate. This quarter is inhabited by Jews, Christians, and the Turks who worship the sun. The emir of the city is a Chinese, and we passed our second night at his house. The day following we entered that of the Mussulman. It is well built; the markets are arranged in the fashion of Mahometan countries; there are mosques and muezzins. We heard these last calling the faithful to mid-day prayer at the very moment when we were entering.

"Here we were lodged in the house of the descendants of Othman, the son of Affan, the Egyptian. This Othman was one of the chief merchants who had taken a fancy to this town, and established himself there. The merchants' quarter is called by his name. He has transmitted to his posterity all the respect which he

enjoyed himself. His sons followed his example in their conspicuous charity. The Mussulmans in this quarter are very numerous. We remained with our entertainers fifteen days; and during this period, day and night, we were always assisting at some new festivity. Their meals invariably were served with the greatest splendor, and they took me excursions on horseback through different parts of their quarter.*

"One day they took me to the fourth quarter, which is the seat of the government, and contains the palace of the grand emir Khortaï. At the gate of this quarter my companions quitted me; and I was received by the vizier, who conducted me to the emir's palace.

"The fourth quarter is reserved exclusively for persons in the service of the khan, and for his slaves. It is the most beautiful of all the six quarters, and it is traversed by three streams. One of them is a canal, which leads out of the great river, by means of which provisions and fuel are brought into the quarter. Pleasure-boats are also to be seen on it. The citadel is in the middle of this quarter—a gigantic place, and in the middle of the citadel are the offices of the government. The citadel surrounds these offices on all sides. They are provided with broad steps, or stages, on which are to be seen the workmen, who make magnificent uniforms and instruments of war and arms. The emir Khortaï told me that there are sixteen hundred native workmen, and that each of these has under him three or four apprentices. They are all slaves of the khan, and have chains on their feet, and live outside the citadel. They are allowed to go to the markets, but may not pass beyond the gates of their particular quarter. Every day the emir inspects them, hundred by hundred, and if any one is missing, the man above him is responsible.

"The custom is that when any one of them has served for ten years, his fetters are broken, and he is free to choose one out of two conditions: to continue in servitude, but without chains; or to go where he will within the khan's dominions, so long as he does not quit them. At the age of fifty he is freed from all further

* Marco Polo states that he paid many visits to Kin-sai, and explored it thoroughly. "According to common estimation," he says, "it is a hundred miles in circuit." This has been considered a gross exaggeration by his commentators; but the evidence of Ibn Batoutah gives at least some color to it, especially this incidental remark, which shows that even one quarter of the city was large enough to provide a natural field for excursions on horseback.

work, and is maintained at the expense of the State. Not only that, but any one in China who attains the age of fifty, can be supported by the treasury; and a man who attains the age of sixty, becomes an infant in the eyes of the Chinese law, and he is no longer liable to the penalties ordained by the khan.

"The grand emir Khortai is the principal commandant in China. He offered us the hospitality of his palace, and he gave us an entertainment, at which all the great people of the city were present. He had Mahometan cooks for the occasion to kill and to cook the meat. This emir, in spite of his high rank, presented the dishes to us himself, and carved for us with his own hands.

"We were his guests for three days, and on one occasion he sent his son with us to take us for an excursion on the canal.* We got into one boat, he into another, and he had with him a company of musicians and singers. They sang in Chinese, in Arabic, and in Persian. The son of the emir especially admired this last. They intoned for us a Persian poem, with a burden that was repeated over and over again. This had a charming cadence, and it recurred so often that I learnt it soon by heart. The sense of the words was as follows:—

Since we have given our hearts to sadness,
We are fallen into the ocean of care.
When we stand up for prayer,
We are strong before the altar.

"A crowd of people met us on the canal in boats. On all sides were to be seen gaily-colored sails, and silken parasols. The boats themselves were beautifully painted. Then people began to charge

* "This town is situated between a lake on the one hand and a large river on the other, the waters of which, by a large number of canals, are made to run through every quarter of the city. This furnishes a communication by water as well as by land, to all parts of the city. There are upon the lakes a great number of pleasure-barges, calculated to hold ten, fifteen, and twenty persons, being from ten to twenty paces in length, with a wide and flat flooring, and not liable to heel over to either side in passing through the water. Such persons as take a delight in the amusement engage one of these barges, which are always kept in the nicest order, with proper seats and tables, together with everything necessary for giving an entertainment. The cabins have a flat roof or upper deck, where the boatmen take their place. Inside they are painted with a variety of figures; all parts of the vessel are likewise adorned with painting. There are windows on each side, which may be kept either shut or open, to a low the company, as they sit at table, to look out at the various scenes they pass—palaces, temples, convents, gardens, trees growing close to the water's edge, other boats constantly passing, filled in like manner with parties in pursuit of amusement. And truly the gratification to be obtained in this manner on the water, exceeds any to be obtained from amusements on the land." (Marco Polo, abridged.)

and to attack each other, and to pelt each other with oranges and lemons.

"In the evening we returned to the emir's. Musicians came and sang various songs, all of them very beautiful.

"The same night a juggler, a slave of the khan's, presented himself, and the emir said to him, 'Let us see one of your wonders.' On this the juggler produced a ball of wood, pierced with many holes, through which he passed long cords. He threw it up into the air, and it went so high that it presently was lost to sight. We were at the time in the middle of the citadel, and it was at the hottest season of the year. When only the end of the cord was left in his hand, the juggler ordered one of his pupils to catch hold of it, and climb up into the air, which he did, until he disappeared from sight. The juggler called to him three times, but received no answer. Then, as if he were angry, he caught up a knife, grasped the cord, and disappeared also. Presently he threw down on the ground first one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, then the other foot, the body, and the head. He descended puffing and blowing, and his clothes were spattered with blood. He kissed the ground at the emir's feet, and said something to him in Chinese. The emir having given him some order or other, our gentleman took up the limbs of the boy, and put them against each other, in their proper place, and lo and behold, the boy got up and stood there as if nothing had happened to him. All this astonished me so much, that I began to suffer from a palpitation of the heart, as I did at the court of the king of India, when I witnessed something analogous. They made me take some medicine, which put me right again. The khadi Afkhar, who was sitting beside me, said, 'By God, the man has neither gone up, nor come down again, nor cut up limbs. The whole affair is nothing but a piece of jugglery.'

It was this last astonishing anecdote—all the more astonishing because Ibn Batoutah is only one of the many independent witnesses who have described the same phenomenon—that first caught my attention, when the book was put into my hands, and made me imagine that it would prove of unusual interest; and with this anecdote I must bring my specimens to an end. But yet, no; I cannot, cannot close them so abruptly. Two others occur to me which particularly took my fancy, and which may help further to stimulate a curiosity in the reader, which I trust has been already excited.

The first has reference to something that is familiar to all of us — the roc, the friend of our childhood, as we read of it in "Sinbad the Sailor." The existence of some such monstrous bird seems to have been believed in from time immemorial in the East, somewhat as in the West there is a belief in a monstrous marine serpent. According to Marco Polo, the stories of the roc seem to come principally from the island of Madagascar, where the inhabitants reported that it was seen continually, "coming at a certain season of the year from the southern regions." "In form," Marco Polo continues, "it is reputed to resemble the eagle, but it is incomparably greater in size, being so large and strong as to lift an elephant into the air with its talons, when it lets it fall to the ground in order that it may prey upon the carcase. Persons who have seen this bird assert that when the wings are spread they measure sixteen paces (about forty feet) from point to point. The grand khan having heard this extraordinary revelation, sent messengers to the island to examine into the circumstances of the country, and the wonderful things told of it. When they returned they brought with them, as I have heard, a feather of the roc, positively affirmed to have measured ninety spans, and the quill point to have been two palms in circumference."

Ibn Batoutah's account is far more romantic, and far better reading as a piece of literature, though both may be equally valueless as pieces of natural history. I have already alluded to his account of the storm in the China Seas, and the strange mountains that terrified every one on the vessel. That account goes on to say that, whilst the vessel was being driven straight on this by the tempest, the huge mass suddenly was seen to part in the middle, and the red light of the sunset streamed through the fissure. The moment they saw this a cry went up from the sailors, "It is the roc — it is the roc! If it sees the vessel we are lost!" But as good luck would have it, the roc did not see, but spreading its cloudlike wings, went off in another direction. We have but to suppose the mountains a cloud, and the whole account has every appearance of truth about it, at the same time giving us a delightful glimpse into a life whose sky — in a phrase which I think is Mr. Parter's — "was charged with wonders."

I now turn to my last extract, which also I will preface with a passage from Marco Polo, relating to the same subject, and which again shows how, as a mere

piece of literature, the records of the Arab are superior to the Venetian's.

Beyond the more distant part of the territory of these Tartars [says Marco Polo], from whence the skins that have been spoken of are procured, there is another region which extends to the utmost bounds of the north, and is called the Land of Darkness, because during the greater part of the winter months the sun is invisible, and the atmosphere is obscured to the same degree as that in which we find it just about the dawn of day, when we may be said to see and not to see. . . . The Tartars often proceed on plundering expeditions against these people; but being unable to ascertain the way in which they should return homewards, they provide against the chance of going astray, by riding mares that have young foals at the time, which last they allow to accompany their dams as far as the confines of their own territory, but leave under proper care as soon as they enter the land of gloom. By-and-by, when they wish to come back to the regions of daylight, they lay the bridles on the necks of the mares, and these, guided by maternal instinct, find their way directly to the spot where they left their foals. The inhabitants of the Land of Darkness employ the summer season, when they enjoy continual daylight, in catching vast multitudes of ermines, martens, foxes, and animals of that kind, the furs of which are more delicate, and consequently more valuable than those found in the districts inhabited by the Tartars, who on that account are induced to undertake the plundering expeditions already described.

. . . [These Tartars themselves, according to Marco Polo, inhabited a region far north of Tartary proper, which could only be reached by a fourteen days' journey, across a wide plain.] This plain [he says], is rendered uninhabitable by collections of water and springs that render it an entire marsh. This, in consequence of the long duration of winter is all frozen over, except for a few months of the year. For the purpose, however, of enabling the merchants to frequent their country to purchase furs, these people have managed to erect, at the end of each day's journey, a wooden house, to receive and accommodate the merchants. In order to travel over the frozen ground, they construct a vehicle without wheels, which is flat at the bottom, but rises with a semicircular front. For the drawing of these small carriages they keep in readiness certain animals resembling dogs, and which may be called such, though in size they approach asses. Six of these are harnessed to each carriage, which contains only the driver, and one merchant with his packages of goods. When the day's journey has been performed, he quits this sledge, together with the dogs, thus changing both from day to day, till his journey is accomplished.

We will now turn to the account of Ibn Batoutah.

"I had a strong desire," he says, "to

enter the Land of Darkness. One reaches it by way of Bolghâr (a town east of the Volga), and it is a journey of forty days between the two points. But I ended by abandoning my project, on account of the extreme difficulty of the route, and the small advantage I was likely to get from it. The only way of travelling in this country is in little carriages drawn by dogs; for the desert being covered with ice, the feet of man and the shoes of beasts of burden slip on the ice. No one enters this desert except rich merchants, who have each about a hundred carriages, laden with meat, drink, and fuel. For in the desert there are practically neither trees, stones, nor dwellings. The traveller's sole guide in this country is a dog which has made the journey many times already. The price of such an animal reaches to about a hundred thousand dinârs. The carriage is yoked to his neck, and three other dogs are yoked alongside of him. He is the chief, and all the other dogs are guided by him. When he stops, they stop also. The master of this animal never maltreats or scolds him. When the party have their meals the dogs must eat before the men. If this is not done the chief of the dogs takes great offence, and runs away and leaves his master to his fate. After forty days journey in the desert, the travellers encamp near the borders of the Land of Darkness. Each of them leaves the goods he has brought at a certain spot in the neighborhood, and then returns to his own quarters. The day following they return to examine their goods. They find placed opposite to them skins of ermine, grey squirrel, and sable. If the merchant is satisfied with what he sees opposite his parcel, he takes it; if not, he leaves it. Sometimes the inhabitants of the Land of Darkness add to what they have deposited; sometimes they take it away, and leave the merchandise of the strangers. Those who go to this part of the world do not know if the creatures with whom they buy and sell are human beings or genii. They never see any one."

This last imaginative touch is characteristic of the spirit that gives life and feeling to the whole of Ibn Batoutah's writings; and I can only express in conclusion, in the interest of desultory readers, a wish which on higher grounds will, no doubt, be echoed by students — that we had some good English translation of so curious and so charming a work, a translation which should do justice to the style of the original, and should be

illustrated with notes by some really competent editor.

A DESULTORY READER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

(*Tertium Quid.*)

As the careful meteorologist is content to mark the daily and hourly facts of the weather, not boasting himself to be by far the best of prophets, and forming no theories upon the phenomena of the heavens, but satisfied to leave his notes for some king of men amongst the meteorologists of the future to expand into a great weather-theory; so it is possible that a pedagogue may perform a useful task in recording certain known facts and realities of the scholastic world, to be used hereafter by some great professor of pedagogy in setting forth a comprehensive and accepted theory of that science. The existing conflict of opinions on this subject forbids the expression of the hope that such a theory is likely to be made in the immediate future. On the one hand we are told that classical education has had its day, and must make room for a general education in the natural sciences; on another, that it is not classical education that needs to be got rid of, but the existing methods of classical education; that we want not less but more of it, and that we have been these many years beginning at the wrong end in teaching the classics. Again, it is urged that, admitting language to be the most useful of educational subjects, we should devote our attention to the living rather than to the so-called dead languages. And when we look at the great divergence between the educational theories which have recently attracted attention, and the educational practices mostly in vogue in our largest educational centres, we must be persons of an extremely sanguine temperament if we can persuade ourselves that we are at all near the dawn of that day which is to shine on a comprehensive and accepted theory of pedagogy.

It will be my object in this paper, as in those which have preceded it, to perform the humble but possibly useful task of recording certain actual and veritable occurrences in the school-world; but perhaps I may be allowed, as before, to use these experiences as a peg on which to hang a few remarks on some of the educational ideas which are before the world;

not, I hope, in a spirit of narrow prejudice, though experience has taught me that to criticise a theory is too often to incur the reproach of bigotry and stupid conservatism. And to avoid a misconception that I have suffered from before, let me remark that, in writing of boys, I am writing mainly of those who are willing to be so styled; not of those "emphatically called men," who are members of sixth forms and hard to distinguish from the freshmen of the universities; but rather of those happy beings who do not mind being called what they really are: boys, whose ages range, say from twelve to sixteen, and who are in that irresponsible and, too often, happy-go-lucky state of life that lies between childhood and early young manhood.

No method in classical education has been more repeatedly and more severely attacked than that well-established one which we may call the method of the grammar and the dictionary. With some it is a favorite idea that the study of grammar should be a finishing rather than, as it is generally, an introductory step in learning languages. This is maintained in spite of the fact, which I suppose is generally recognized, that young boys are naturally gifted with small powers of understanding and considerable powers of memory. If a grown man enters upon the study of a language new to him, he will probably find himself much mistaken if he proceeds to learn it as he learnt Latin or Greek when a boy. If he attempts first of all to master the inflections of the language, he will probably find that he cannot retain them, and that his best plan will be to take some book in the language he is intending to master, and to read it *pin-gui Minerva*, with the help of a grammar and dictionary to be used merely as books of reference. Boys cannot use a grammar as a book of reference; they have not the necessary intelligence and experience. It is far easier to them to get inflection by rote. Nature has given them retentive memories, and learning by heart is no great difficulty to them. Why should we attempt to treat them as men, and to teach them in a manner which is not adapted to their capacities? It is frequently said that the scientific study of grammar is one for mature intellects; but that is not enough to prove that boys do not learn best by a process that presents them with easy sentences for translation, and the main features of accidence and syntax.

The Hamiltonian system is from time to time quoted and praised, though Ham-

ilton's books are now not easily met with, and the "total change in the primary schools throughout the civilized world," as Hamilton modestly puts it (that change being the adoption of his system) has not yet taken place. More than sixty years have passed since Hamilton wrote his rather angry and confused preface in English which is not what one would expect from a teacher of language. But in making his attack on the grammar and dictionary system he is certainly too severe on that system as it existed in his day, while his arrows fly harmless over the head of the modern pedagogue. Surely, even in his day, masters (as distinguished from the Hamiltonian teachers) were men and not monsters. Bad as a good deal was at that time in the educational world, it can hardly be anything but exaggeration to say, "To prevent the pupil from going too fast, he is strictly prohibited from getting assistance from any other source than his dictionary." His criticism of that book, too, is altogether unsound. He maintains that with exceedingly few exceptions, "one word in any language can be translated by one word only into another; that consequently, when a dictionary gives fifty meanings to the same word, forty-nine are absolutely false and wrong." That book, on the contrary, if it be a decent specimen of its class, recognizes, indeed, that a word has a fixed original meaning, but from usage gets a considerable number of implied or figurative meanings; and those derived meanings it is only reasonable to give.

Sydney Smith's essay on the Hamiltonian system is not very convincing. It may be true that in his school-days the grammar and dictionary system was carried out in a blundering manner, and that many a boy became "lexicon-struck" rather than enlightened. But a vigorous attack on the blunders committed in one system is not the same thing as a successful defence of another.

Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to agree with the author of the Hamiltonian method, that it is in truth the only tolerable method, and that Hamilton was, so to speak, "the one and only Jarley." It is a far cry from Mr. Spencer to Archdeacon Denison; and at first sight it is a little surprising to find the archdeacon on the side of Hamilton. He tells us in his autobiography how badly he was taught French at school (and we need not doubt it), and how delighted he was with his progress in the same when he joined the Hamiltonian class. But the future arch-

deacon learning Latin and Greek at the age of ten or twelve was a very different person from the future archdeacon learning French at seventeen or eighteen. For a person of discriminating age whose education has been neglected, I imagine the Hamiltonian system, with some modifications, might be found extremely useful. But granting its usefulness in certain circumstances, one is rather amused by the claims made for it by its author and the woe he denounces on the head of the impenitent master.

Nature gives boys retentive if not quick memories, and only limited powers of understanding. But it would be a great mistake to allow boys to trade entirely upon their memories, and to make their work only a matter of rote. While we encourage them to use the memory in season, we have much to do to guard against their using it out of season. Most boys, in their desire to save themselves trouble, will endeavor to palm off the results of memory as the achievements of understanding. It is of no use attempting to prevent this altogether. To do so would be to reduce results to a minimum. But while we are careful not to force the understanding, we are bound to induce them to put it to some use, and to more and more use as they grow older. They will try to outwit us in this matter, and probably will succeed in doing so more often than we think. For example, if we do not take means to prevent it, they will learn Euclid by heart rather than by sense; and no doubt much of their work in Euclid is and must be more of the nature of rote-work than we think it. At the end of a lesson in Euclid the pupil is too often in a state of mind like that of Mr. Woodhouse over his accounts: "Mr. Woodhouse had been talked into what was necessary, told that he understood, and the papers swept away." Still we persist in our endeavor to make our boys follow the argument intelligently, and our reward is that a time arrives when Euclid, as they say, "comes to them." This is the result of their own efforts of memory combined with gradually successful attempts to follow our explanations. It is a result likely to last, and surely a valuable one. There seems to be no good reason for thinking that the grammar and dictionary method in language may not be equally valuable. Of course it may be so applied and often has been so applied as to be comparatively worthless; but it is to be hoped that in these days no teacher allows a boy to use a dictionary without constantly trying to

guide him to a sensible and restricted use of it, and never hears a lesson in grammar without adding to his pupils' rote-work illustration and explanation adapted to their capacities.

One can hardly doubt that the best parts of the Hamiltonian system were in vogue long before Hamilton's time, and are still in common use. Our lessons in construing and translation are to a certain extent Hamiltonian; what we call "unseen translation" is very much so. But the modern pedagogue has not yet been brought to share Hamilton's prejudice against the early study of the elements of grammar; nor do we agree with him in condemning the writing of those exercises which more than anything else give an insight into the meaning of syntax. Nor does the idea seem to gain ground that the natural sciences are the most desirable studies for the young. He would be a bigot indeed who should find a boy with a decided bias in that direction and still should keep him rigorously to the classics; but even in the case of a boy with a natural bent for science it is very doubtful if he could afford to dispense with an introductory training in language. I will quote from a correspondent, a gentleman engaged to a certain extent in teaching science; it will be noticed that both he and I use the word science in that restricted sense which some love to put on it.

I am decidedly of opinion that science as an educational instrument is absolutely useless. It forms an admirable *seed*, but a wretched *plough*. If a boy's mental powers are developed by plenty of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, he will soon outstrip on his own ground a boy who has had a couple of years' start in science to the neglect of these studies. Before I became a practical schoolmaster I agreed with the views of Herbert Spencer as expressed in his essay on education; but I now consider the methods he suggests altogether fallacious. . . . I think a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who has mastered a sufficient amount of mathematics, may study certain branches of physics with very great advantage. I may mention light and heat as being capable of exact mathematical treatment from the very beginning. . . . The reason why science forms a poor educational instrument is clear enough. It is because it consists of generalizations far too wide and deep for young boys to grasp.

And what pedagogue would not be glad to quote the following words from an address delivered by Dr. Thomas King Chambers, at St. Mary's Medical School, some three or four years ago? "No means has yet been discovered so potent for edu-

cating, that is, bringing out the power of the mind, as the grammatical study of the scientifically formed dead languages, especially if that study be combined with that concentration of the thoughts upon abstract idears which is gained by mathematics." In our large public schools a laboratory, with instruction in natural sciences, forms a part of the curriculum, and were this instruction reserved for boys with a real taste for it, it would be a most desirable thing; but it is hard to see upon what principle boys, whose bent and whose definite aims are literary, should be brought in numbers to attend lectures in which they can be expected to take little or no interest.

One remark of Mr. Herbert Spencer's makes a severe demand upon literary men, and a demand which I imagine is not likely to be readily granted. He maintains that a knowledge of natural science adds very greatly to our powers of appreciating poetry. As a case in point, he instances a rock that has slid down a glacier in the ice-age; and he remarks how much more poetical a sight is that rock to one who can interpret the seams and scars upon it than to one who knows nothing of geology. Possibly it may be so; but I cannot think the remark capable of more than a very narrow application. What has science to say to the "Prometheus Vincit," to the fourth *Georgic*, and the sixth *Aeneid*; to "The Tempest" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream;" to "Paradise Lost" and "Comus"? Mr. Herbert Spencer personifies science as a very grand goddess, as no doubt she is; but she must not be suffered to trespass on the lawful domains of the Muses, else we shall see Orpheus and his Eurydice, Oberon and his Puck, Prospero and his Ariel, bidden to pack. "The parting genius" of Milton will be "with sighing sent," if the creatures of imagination are to be called upon by science to stand and deliver; to render to her a satisfactory account of themselves or forever to hold their peace. Verily science, as a critic of poetry that has charmed the world for centuries, will be constrained to make use of a formula not unknown in the history of literary criticism, "This will never do."

But it is time to pass from theories to experiences, to certain isolated facts which have been witnessed in the scholastic world, and which may serve to throw some light on the nature of those who are but a little way advanced in the paths of education. But as soon as we begin noting down phenomena for the use of the great

prophet of pedagogy yet to be born, we foresee the difficulties that will beset his path. What shall we say of the following? Did the perpetrator, in utter ignorance, imagine a vain thing, or is the achievement due to a matter-of-fact temperament? Plutarch says of Themistocles, ἤλειψεν αὐτὸν ὑπὲρ ὅλης τῆς Ἑλλάδος, where, for the benefit of those who have little Greek, it may be well to remark that the verb implies "exerted himself;" and this is the translation which I am doubtful how to spell, as it was given *viva voce*, "He greased himself all over grease [Greece?]" Perhaps the same temperament was at work in this, *Hirundo fingit luteum opus*, "The swallow does her dirty work;" but the following is capable of elucidation, ὁ σεμνὸς μᾶντις, "the prophet of June." The fact is, that the boy, looking out σεμνὸς in his dictionary, found "august," but got confused in his months. The much-too-good boy also is apt to go wrong from an excess of conscientiousness. I have known one of this kind, when required to render the following into Latin, "He had promised to lead them into battle, [and had said] that he was ready," etc., do so thus, *Promiserat se eos ad proelium ducturum* [] *velle*, etc., which he then explained: "I knew that the words in brackets were to be left out, but I thought I had better put the brackets in." This reminds me of a fine instance of what one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" calls "the dashing style of writing." The nervous vigor of it would seem to be due to the writer's limited vocabulary, but it certainly reads rather too much in the style of our armies in Flanders. *Per ducis Evandri nomen, devictaque bella, spemque meam, . . . fidite ne pedibus!* "In the name of your leader Evander, and your —, and by —, do not fight with your feet!"

A few eccentric translations may here be enshrined. Πλάτων φιλόσοφος ἦν πίνης, "Plato was a poor philosopher." *Pisces nactus sum ex sententia*, "I was born a fish by preference." *Pollicebaris te venturum*, (1) "Pollicebaris ventured to be;" (2) "Venture to be Pollicebaris" [apparently a classical parallel to "Dare to be a Daniel"]. *Raros testantia mores*, "Bearing witness to his unaccustomed customs." *Coluber mala gramina pastus*, "A snake fed on good-for-nothing hay." A correspondent vouches for the following: *Les papes sont toujours des Italiens blanchis dans les affaires*, "The popes are nearly always Italian washerwomen in business;" but the next, like most of the

blunders quoted in this paper, happened within my own experience: *κάλυμμα ἵλε δια θεῶν κύνειον*, "The goddess took the blue veil." *Ποδηνέμος ὠκέα Ἴρις*, is rendered by one, "swift-footed, long-winded Iris." When the pedagogue in "Ion" advises Creusa to take vengeance on Apollo, she asks and he answers as follows:—

ΚΡ. καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσω, θνητὸς οὐδ', ὑπερδράμω;
ΠΑ. πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Δοξίου χρηστήμα.

which has been thus Englished: C. "And how shall I, a mortal, surpass the stronger?" P. "Blow the solemn shrines of Loxias!"

The following also have their points of interest. *Πάντες δὲ οἱ τῶν βαρβάρων ἄρχοντες μέσσην ἔχοντες τὸ αὐτῶν* "All the Persian rulers holding their own middles." *Vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile*, "The evening bear goes for the olives." Cicero said of the brother of the murdered Clodius with reference to the corpse, *In curiam potissimum abiecit*; but he did not mean, as one boy would have it, "He staggered very drunk into the senate-house." *Magna deum genetrix* I have known translated "great governess of the gods," and "great grandmother of the gods." Never did Mrs. Malaprop derange an epitaph better than a boy who, knowing the truthful to be identical with the beautiful, produced this version of "O let me hear thy voice," *Longis auriculis carmina mitte tuas*.

Most of us are familiar with the lyric in "The Princess," beginning "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums." I knew a boy write out the lyric correctly from memory, except for a ludicrous change of preposition which upset the whole.

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood across thy knee.

Parallel to this is a quotation I got from Gray to illustrate *Interea dulces pendentes circum oscula nati*. I had hoped for, "And climb his knees the envied kiss to share," but I got

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play.

Naturally boys are more at home and less absurd in their prose exercises; but even here they sometimes break out. The author of the aforementioned *Longis auriculis* justified his choice of that epithet by the following rendering of "The dog uttered a horrible howl," *Canis ululatum diaboliceissimum vocavit*. When I remonstrated with him for using such strange language, he very reasonably excused himself by saying, "I wanted to make it strong."

Boys' themes or essays are generally worth reading, for dull as they are for the most part, they abound in literary surprises. The following obscure passage is from a junior theme on Robinson Crusoe. "There have been many claims as to the authorship of this volume as a gentleman assured the Rev. Benjamin Holdby that Lord Somerset told him that Lord Oxford wrote it when he was in prison, and that Lord Oxford had given it to Defoe. . . . Then as to the place where this interesting book was written. Some say that Defoe was under the frowns of the government when he wrote it; others say that it was written in a little village of Kent, and others in a field at Stoke Newington, but that it was written when he was under the frowns of government is thought most probable." And here is a remark apparently directed against the Church militant, occurring in a theme on "Ancient and Modern Warfare": "Fighting is not so much now man against man as canon against canon." But it would be an endless task to record the absurdities produced by bad spelling. One of my essayists had an eloquent passage on a short-lived genius: "Kirke White was soaring upwards to try and make a distinguished man of himself, when Death's sting struck him, and in the words of the poet Byron, 'O what a noble heart was here undone.'" The next specimen is from a history paper: "He got into a row for dressing up like a girl and going into some sort of Woman's Rights Meeting." The boy was aiming at the rites of the *bona dea*.

This entirely irrelevant answer was on one occasion given to the demand, "Describe the translation of Elijah:" "I do not know what the translation of Elijah is, but the translation of *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* is as follows." Unfortunately it did not follow at all. The boy who produced the next answer had been hoaxed, but I am assured it is a genuine product of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. Q. "What do you know of Isaac Walton?" A. "He wrote the Complete Angler, and was such an enthusiast in his art that he was termed the Judicious Hooker." A note will be needed to elucidate the next sample. Q. "What is the Ecliptic?" A. "An imaginary line going round the Equator. It seems to be the path which the earth goes round, but it is really the path to Heaven." This is due to a misconception of the definition given in the text-book, "The apparent path of the sun through the heavens."

I shall make no attempt to classify the authors of the miscellaneous blunders that follow. "Jenny Lind," says one, "sang at Exeter Hall, and gave the proceeds to the London Hospital, also called Miss Florence Nightingale." The boy who started a proposition of Euclid with these words, "Let AB be a straight line, which is impossible," was plainly something of a philosopher. *Candente nitens elephanto*, "Leaning on a fiery elephant," is a graphic picture from the battle-field; but I have my doubts whether the following, related from a public school, is not apocryphal, *Rusticus quidam publicos ludos spectabat*, "A country gentleman was inspecting the National Schools." *Vere fabis satio*, says Virgil: "Truly I am full of beans," says a translator. *Vivax apium* has been not unnaturally rendered "the busy bee," but this was the work of an Oxford undergraduate. More boylike, perhaps, is the following, *Vêtue à la Grecque*, "Virtuous in Greek." Many of my readers will remember the expression used by Virgil of the warrior's chariot in the Happy Fields, *Similisque est currus inani*; but this rendering, a genuine one, will be new to them, "And the chariot is like an empty." And this perhaps will be also a surprise, *Immundum odorem*, "an unearthy smell."

Of course I am far from maintaining that this record of schoolroom blunders will throw any clear light on the nature of the schoolboys. They are offered less in the didactic spirit than in the hope that they may afford others, as they have afforded me, some diversion. Still, as I have said before, it is just possible that being facts, they may have their uses. The record of a blunder in the educational world, may be as useful as the gauging of a given day's rainfall in the meteorological world.

The late head of my college used to say (whether at first or second hand, I do not know): "When you enter upon the study of any wide subject, you may expect to find yourself in three successive states of mind: first, that in which you think you will soon know all about it; second, that in which you feel that you will never know anything about it; third, that in which you trust you know a little, and humbly hope that eventually you may know a little more." On the vast subject of the school-boy I am certainly not in the first of these three stages. On a previous occasion I ventured to classify the perpetrators of academical blunders, but on reviewing my attempts in that direction, I am painfully

reminded that "he who classifies, invents." As I have said before, I am content to record my experiences, and leave it to more philosophical heads to use the materials here supplied. Some twenty years, however, spent among boys do give one some claim to write and speak of them as one has found them. Their minds are not as their teachers' minds. There is a great deal about them that is and must remain very puzzling even to those who have the clearest recollection of their own boyhood. On observing their eccentricities, and their openness on the one hand and their excessive reticence on the other, one is inclined to speak of them as Waggle spoke of Wiggle: "Who does know that fellow's intrigues? . . . What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!"

J. H. RAVEN.

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WONDERS IN MARS.

I.

ON a clear night any of us may now watch a planet with the naked eye which at this moment is shining with peculiar brilliancy. The most careless observer cannot fail to note its lustre. From Paris it is seen night after night, the most brilliant object to the southward among the stars of Virgo. This luminary is no star, no sun, but a planet like our earth. A few of those who read these lines may possibly have already remarked that something strange is taking place in it, but the number of such observers is probably very limited, though what is going on upon its surface at this moment is a subject of great interest to astronomers.

The matter is full of perplexity to those who study it, for there is no room now to doubt, what has been proved beyond controversy, — viz., that whilst we are living quietly upon the surface of our planet, busy with all the duties of existence, absorbed in our pleasures, dreaming our dreams, or promoting our material prosperity, our next-door neighbor in the solar system is experiencing changes which far surpass in magnitude any which (so far as man has been able to investigate) have visited our world.

The planet in question closely resembles our earth in many ways, and yet we know that they are far from being identical. We know that it contains other elements, is controlled by other forces, and may possibly be inhabited by living crea-

tures very different from ourselves. It has continents brightened by the same sun in whose light and warmth we live, and these continents give back to us the sun's reflected light; it has oceans which absorb the sunlight, and seem when we watch them through the telescope irregular grey spots upon their planet's surface; it has snows, which accumulate around its pole in winter, and which melt gradually during the spring and summer, as the heat of the sun increases day by day; it has mists which overspread its plains and hide them from our vision; clouds driven before the winds; sunny mornings, glaring noondays, and evenings when the sun sets, as with us, in golden glory. These things resemble what we daily see around us, and make us feel a sort of cousinship between Mars and our own earth. But if we look a little deeper these likenesses will be made unlike by strange conditions,—so unlike that in the end all resemblance will seem to disappear.

For instance, what can those immense rectilinear, canals be which put all the seas of Mars into communication with each other? Are they gigantic chasms made by nature in her sport? And if so, why are they so straight and regular? Are they cyclopean works made by a race greatly our superiors in engineering?

Another wonder is connected with these canals. Look at them steadily. Fix your telescope for several days upon that incomprehensible net-work which seems to cover the whole surface of the planet, and suddenly you will see that the greater part of these canals have become dual; that parallel to each a second canal has appeared, as if by magic. Is that all? No indeed! Look towards the equator. Look along the shores of that tranquil Mediterranean Sea, which lies calm as a lake surrounded by a lovely land larger than France, lying bright under the rays of our own sun. Look again! And lo! it has transformed itself, or been transformed, for it has disappeared. A deluge has quietly submerged it in a moment. Water has spread all over it, but apparently that water is not deep for it does not look dark like the permanent seas and oceans, and the flood will disappear as suddenly as it came.

II.

THERE is in the geography of Mars a country well known to astronomers, situated not far from the equator, and often in a position to be well observed. It is called the Peninsula of Hind, or some-

times Lybia. This country is as large as one of our continents. It is bounded on the west by a Mediterranean which we call the Hour-Glass (*Le Mer du Sablier*) or the Great Syrt, on the south by another sea called the Sea of Flammarion, on the east and north by vast canals, and on the north-west by a little circular lake known as Lake Maris to astronomers. Well, this magnificent country, in one of the most favored regions of its planet, has since last April, disappeared.

Of course the first thought that presents itself to the reader on hearing of such wonders is: Can astronomers have seen correctly that which they claim to have observed? And in this instance the first announcement of these changes was met with incredulity. But when the high character of an astronomer has been established, and his caution has been tested by the verification of his observations, especially by those working in other observatories, and with different instruments, doubts grow less as the evidence grows greater, and the day comes when the world is forced to accept his observations as truth, however unexpected, fantastic, and incomprehensible his deductions from them may seem.

All this has happened in this instance. The flood in question has been observed, not only by myself, but at Nice in the Bischoffsheim Observatory by M. Perrotin, in the Observatory of Milan by Signor Schiaparelli, and in the Observatory at Louvain by M. Serby. Instead of retaining the pale, corn-colored tint, which distinguishes land as we observe it in Mars, Lybia has become dark, the same color as lakes, seas, and canals. It is impossible to say, of course, whether this flood is the result of prodigious rains or melting snows, but it is a fact that last winter and last spring in Mars seem to have been very severe towards the north pole, where the planet was so long obscured by clouds and mists that we had considerable difficulty in distinguishing its points of geography. Our celestial neighbors have been enjoying their summer since the 16th of last February, and the flood appears to have begun not very long after.

Simultaneously with the flood a new canal has been opened parallel to the equator and somewhat to the north of it. This is not the first time that similar changes have been observed on the surface of Mars, as all readers of astronomy, whether in popular text-books or in scientific reviews, already know. But peri-

odicity, if established, will but complicate the problem.

It would seem that water in Mars very easily changes its position. It has also been often observed that from time to time there are vast regions of the planet covered with snow, which at certain periods entirely disappear.

Thus on the planisphere of Mars that I published in 1877, I marked down a snowy island in the Kepler Sea, whose high plateaux, when covered with snow, probably make it visible to us at certain periods. The English astronomer Dawes, and others, marked this snow island on their subsequent maps, but I did not think proper to continue to set it down on mine, as, soon after, it had disappeared, and there might be doubts as to its ever having existed. It *has* reappeared, however, and is now an accepted fact in astronomy.

The meteorological principle of the formation of water into ice and steam appears to be the same in Mars as on the earth, though it is probable that these changes take place on a far larger scale there than here. The seas of Mars seem to contain less water than our own, and to experience changes relatively as considerable. It seems also probable that the shores of these seas are flat, and that in certain regions vast plains lie scarcely above the water-line.

These singular changes on the surface of the planet were observed some time since, but were received at first suspiciously, then they were pronounced probable, but they are now accepted as *absolutely certain*. The seas of Mars we know to hold their fixed positions because drawings made of them two hundred years ago by astronomers correspond to their positions to-day, but though the metes and bounds of these great bodies of water are fixed, the seas of Mars seem from time to time to be subject to great overflow and to great shrinkage. Sometimes their water spreads over an immense surface of surrounding country, sometimes they run dry and lay bare land that had been previously submerged.

III.

Do you ask the reason of these well-authenticated, sudden, and sometimes periodic changes observable in the geography of Mars? The most simple and probable explanation is that they are due to inundations. We know by analysis that there are watery vapors in the atmosphere of Mars, and by telescopic observation that it has snows and clouds which

are but other forms of water. We do not doubt that the grey spots on the planet's surface, which we have called oceans and seas, represent the deep water-basins of the seas and oceans, while the low-lying tracts around them of submerged country correspond in color and shape with what we would expect lands lying under water of slight depth to do to the eyes of a terrestrial observer. And yet it would be premature to assert positively that these phenomena tally exactly with any hitherto observed on our own earth; because possibly the waters of Mars differ from those on our own planet. They may be more rapidly condensed or evaporated than ours; atmospheric pressure may be different there from what it is on earth, the conditions of density, temperature, saturation and weight, may be altogether different in Mars from anything that has come under our experience. The atmosphere of that planet may be chemically and physically quite different from the air we breathe. Yet at all events what is now passing in Mars seems very extraordinary.

Its land, sometimes dry and sometimes under water, its seas, whose shores are changeable, which sometimes appear broad and dark, and sometimes light and narrow, its canals, now easy to observe and now fading out of sight, which to-day are but one, and to-morrow may be double, its waters, which seem to increase or to diminish in obedience to some superior will, — all indicate the operation of causes non-existent on our earth, or as yet undiscovered by us who live here.

Two tiny moons rush with fantastic swiftness through the heavens that overshadow the inhabitants (if there be any) of Mars. One makes its revolution in 7 hours, 39 minutes, and 42 seconds; the other in 16 hours, 17 minutes, and 54 seconds. The planet itself turns on its axis in 24 hours, 37 minutes, and 23 seconds. These moons must necessarily produce rapid and variable tides, more especially as density and weight are slight upon the surface of Mars, — a kilogramme of water weighing there only about one-third of what it does on earth, viz., 370 grammes to 1,000. The little satellites can have, we think, no great power of attraction, in spite of their nearness to Mars, and we can hardly attribute the changes on the surface of the parent planet to their influence, unless we suppose them to have some power which differs from ordinary attraction, magnetic possibly, or of a kind as yet unknown to men.

We are naturally inclined to seek for

explanations of what we cannot understand in earthly analogies. The Snow Island, which sometimes glows with dazzling light and sometimes remains invisible, do what we will to find it with our telescopes, may owe its visibility to snow-falls like our own. The overflow of lakes and bays has also its analogy on earth. We find no difficulty in supposing inundations, since the admitted presence of snows and clouds makes it certain that the seas of Mars are real seas full of water, not waterless plains like the dried-up sea-beds of the moon. But when we begin to think of the canals of Mars we find nothing on our earth that can afford us any analogy. The mere fact of their existence is a problem too hard for us to solve, and still more extraordinary is the fact that at certain intervals of time these canals show *double*; that suddenly there will appear upon the surface of the planet long lines of twin canals, absolutely straight and absolutely parallel, as if the first were reflected by a prism. Nor is there any possibility of supposing that the existence of these canals is an optical delusion. The secondary and periodic line of canals can be seen upon the planet as distinctly as the first.

IV.

ALL this makes us feel sure that Mars is a strange world, very different from our earth, in spite of many interesting resemblances. The year in Mars is six hundred and eighty-seven of our days. Its seasons are absolutely the same as ours, so far as they consist of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, but each season is twice as long as our own. Thus, as I have said, the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere of Mars have been enjoying summer ever since the 16th of last February, and will not reach their autumn till the 15th of next August. We can watch from week to week, almost from day to day, the snows of the north pole disappearing gradually, as the sun melts them. Their minimum should have been about the middle of May, but snow and ice at that date were still around the pole in considerable quantities. On the 20th, 21st, 26th, and 27th of May, I and others took photographs (*dessins*) of these regions, and found the snow surface round the pole more than 1,200,000 feet (300 *kilomètres de largeur*).

Connected with these facts we find another phenomenon. The little dome of snow and ice which caps, as it were, the north pole, is now divided by a recent canal, which connects the eastern and

western polar seas with each other. As M. de Faye said the other day at the Academy of Science, it seems as if reasonable beings had undertaken a herculean work to open a passage from one sea to the other. This new canal passes over an Arctic region covered with snows. . . . Can the inhabitants of Mars be further advanced than we are in their knowledge of the geography of their planet's pole?

V.

SUCH astronomical discoveries, which at present are in their infancy, must surely revolutionize many popular ideas; the ideas of those, for example, who have hitherto imagined that the activities of nature's forces are limited to the world that we inhabit, and who have looked upon the spheres in space as inert masses scattered at random through the eternal void. To them especially our neighboring planet at this moment offers a most captivating and interesting field of observation and inquiry.

A few hours ago, at the close of a glorious summer day, I was watching our planetary neighbors about five o'clock in the afternoon. The sunshine was still brilliant, the air very warm and very still, so that there seemed an unusual depth in the blue vault of heaven. Notwithstanding the great brightness of the sun I could distinguish sharply on the surface of Mars the circular shore-line of the Mer du Sablier, which reminded me of the sweep of that of the Gulf of Nice seen from Cannes or from Antibes. The planet had gone so far on its course around the sun that it offered me a striking view of its surface. About eight o'clock, after three hours at the telescope, I quitted my post in the observatory for a moment to breathe the open air, and gaze from the terrace at the splendors of the sunset. The birds in the coolness of the evening had resumed their song, the fledglings in their nests were twittering, the insects and the bees were buzzing in the air; far off the cuckoo in the forest reiterated its solitary cry, whilst in a neighboring grove nightingales were trilling indefatigably their evening symphony. Along the horizon towards the west the deep blue of the heavens was passing from blue to gold and red by imperceptible transitions. Light mists marked the course of the Seine, which stretched across the landscape like a silver ribbon, a great calm seemed to have fallen on all nature, and from the steeple of the village church came the soft tones of the Angluf. Na-

ture seemed to rest after a glorious day. The sun had departed to light up other worlds.

I went back to my telescope in the observatory. I could see that Mars had turned very perceptibly upon its axis within the last three hours. The Mer du Sablier, whose shores I had been mapping out, now almost touched the verge of the planet towards the west, and the continent called Galilee was coming up in the Orient. The weather was beautiful in Mars. The sun was illuminating all the lands and shores of the sixtieth meridian. I could not refrain from reflecting that whilst with us it was evening twilight, in Mars it was the dawn, and that possibly at that moment unknown beings, sixty millions of miles away from us, might be awakening from their slumbers, and beginning a new day without a thought for anything beyond their own affairs, unconscious, in spite of their probable superiority to the human race, that friends and brothers were trying to study the conditions of their planet, and were watching through a telescope what was passing among them.

And yet who knows? Perhaps at this very moment those who have suffered from the fearful floods that have taken place in Mars may be gazing with envy on our earth, wishing that they inhabited a world more stable than their own, a world where changes do not reach such terrible proportions. Yet if their telescopes are more powerful than ours they may have discerned that our world is not as perfect as it seems, and may be comparing their own flood with that which has lately taken place in China, to the recent inundations in the valley of the Mississippi.

But after all is it necessary to feel certain that these inundations in Mars and these double canals are the production, meteorological or otherwise, of natural causes? As I watch the clear, straight, geometric lines of those canals, it seems not altogether absurd to me to imagine that they may be part of a voluntary system of irrigation, planned and executed by beings more powerful and more intelligent than ourselves.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE THUNDERBOLT A MYTH. — Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in an amusing and highly interesting paper before the Royal Meteorological Society on "The Non-existence of Thunderbolts, Elucidated by Accounts of Searches after them," has endeavored to track the so-called thunderbolts wherever he could hear of them; but they have vanished before the man of science like ghosts before the daylight. His inquiries showed that there was no more transmission of a thunderbolt, or of any other solid body, when an electric spark rushed through the air, than there is the transmission of a material substance when a message is telegraphed across, or rather under, the Atlantic Ocean. Sometimes a lightning flash appears to strike the ground, and a spherical nodule of iron pyrites is found near the spot. It was there before. Still the ignorant imagine it came from the clouds, and with the lightning. Belemnites, which are really fossil animals, are found similarly, and in Webster's dictionary are described as "thunderstones," and as such are often preserved. Occasionally a heavy discharge of lightning falls on a bed of sand, penetrates it for several feet, and melts the silex in its path, fusing it into a kind of glass which is known as fulgurite — some fine specimens of which are to be found in the British Museum. This, and this only, could have any pretence to be considered a thunderbolt, but then it does not descend from the

clouds, and is caused solely by the intense heat of the lightning. Mr. Symons did not deny that solid bodies do at times come down from the sky and strike the earth; but these are meteorites and aerolites — substances ejected from volcanoes or falling upon the earth from planetary space. They are always falling, but when accidentally they descend during a thunderstorm they are instantly designated thunderbolts, though the two phenomena have absolutely no connection. For the credit of Englishmen the lecturer hoped that henceforth the word thunderbolt would be erased from our dictionaries.

A CHINESE ANÆSTHETIC. — A curious anæsthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known by Lambuth in his third annual report of the Soochow Hospital. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour, and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which forms a paste with a portion of the flour. This paste, dissolved in water, was found to possess well-marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger had been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes, it could be pricked with a needle without any pain being felt, and numbness of the lips and tongue was produced by applying the liquid to them.

Scientific News.

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